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THE GREAT CONTEST;

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CHRIST'S VICTORY.

A POEM,

IN WHICH THE FALL OF MAN, HIS REDEMPTION AND GLORIFICATION ARE CLEARLY AND SCRIPTURALLY SET FORTH.

TOGETHER WITH

THE POETICAL LAMP.

— BY —

REV. AMASA GRAVES.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this work to the public I beg leave to say, that in writing it I have studied brevity, with a design that each page might present something new, so that the mind of the reader, if a follower of Christ, might be fed intellectually and religiously, and with a view that some good may be done in stimulating such to diligent perseverance in this GREAT CONTEST. If good can be effected in this direction, I shall think myself abundantly paid. As one grand result of my design in writing this work, it would be a pleasure to know that when I am gone I shall have left a testimony on earth favorable to the interest of Christ's kingdom. God grant that it may prove a blessing to many, by inducing them to lay hold of those weapons that insure victory; whilst others, perhaps, may be induced who heretofore have never enlisted nor designed hitherto to follow Christ and to take His side in this contest.

You must have already taken one side or the other in this contest, from the fact that you live on earth's battle-field, and so are forced to be one of those who

are thus contending. Perhaps you do not realize this solemn fact as you should. I submit this work to your consideration, with the design to engage your powers of mind in this direction, hoping that you may see the propriety of taking your stand with that party who shall insure you a glorious victory when all of earth's battles shall have been fought and time shall be no longer! I can not force your will, but perhaps I have done what I could in your behalf and that of others. Leaving that between you and your God, I now present this work for your consideration.

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THE GREAT CONTEST.

BOOK I.

I.

SAY, Adam, where art thou? explain, if thou can,
Thy act that brings ruin and death unto man:
How lofty thy station, sole lord of the earth,
Excelling creation in power and in worth!

II.

Thy source was supernal, bright essence of life;
A gift sempiternal untroubled with strife;
Ah, how couldst thou forfeit that happy abode,
Renounce thy allegiance to truth and to God?

III.

Thou failedst to anchor thy trust in the Lord;
And pride, like a canker, supplanted His word.
Too soon did the Human supplant the Divine;
And the weakness of woman was added to thine.

IV.

Within certain limits untrammelled, unchained,
But one simple caution, and all is explained.
How highly exalted! how lofty and pure!
But one prohibition, and all is secure!

V.

Creation, all beaming in innocence, smiled,
God's greatness revealing, yet thou wert beguiled;
Thy act, seeming trivial, brings punishment great—
Transgression is pregnant with death and with fate.

VI.

And hark to the thunders, tremendous and loud!
God rides in the whirlwind, enveloped in cloud;
His voice in the garden is vivid and clear;
Thou hidest thy face and thy heart pants with fear.

VII.

"Where art thou? Where art thou?" that voice cried
again;
Then Adam crawled forth, bent with sorrow and pain,
And said, "I was naked, and fled from thy sight,
And clothed me with fig-leaves, to hide my sad plight."

VIII.

"What! naked! Who told thee?" Jehovah replied.
"Hast thou eaten the fruit in rebellion and pride,
Which I told thee to touch not, or else thou must die?"
"The woman beguiled me," was Adam's reply.

IX.

"Ah, woman! why didst thou?" The woman replied,
"The serpent deceived me—the serpent, who lied—
This subtle intruder began to inquire
What God said to Adam to check our desire,

X.

Respecting the fruit of a beautiful tree,
'That ye should not partake of its fruits? Can this be?
God planted the tree, yet forbade you to use,
Lest you should be wise and his blessing abuse?

XI.

How foolish the thought! But you misunderstand
The scope of your Maker and of his command:
He meant you, no doubt, to partake of the same;
For knowledge is power, and where is the blame?

XII.

Just pause for a moment, and look upon me,
For I have experienced the worth of this tree;
So you of its fruit may partake and be wise—
'Twill strengthen your heart, and will open your eyes.

XIII.

To wisdom's resources there is a bright key;
If you would possess it, then listen to me:
This tree, drest in beauty, is fair to the eye;
If wisdom is precious, then pass it not by.'

XIV.

And thus I was flattered, and stepped to the tree
With this bold conclusion: I'll taste it and see!
And as it was pleasant to taste and to look,
I gave to my husband, and he too partook."

XV.

God said to the serpent, "Because thou'st done this,
Thou shalt crawl on thy belly forever and hiss ;
The wrath of the woman's dread seed thou shalt feel :
Thy head he shall bruise, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

XVI.

And then to the woman He spoke thus in turn :
"In multiplied pains thou thy travail shalt mourn ;
Thou shalt bring forth in sorrow, and subject shalt be
To thy husband, who henceforth shall rule over thee."

XVII.

And lastly to Adam Jehovah thus spake :
"Cursed be the earth and its fruits for thy sake !
Thistles and thorns it shall pour forth apace,
And thy bread thou shalt eat in the sweat of thy face."

XVIII.

Now darkness and sorrow prevail o'er the scene,
Where life everlasting so lately had been ;
Expelled from their Eden our ancestors go,
To encounter a world filled with death and with woe.

XIX.

Oh, Death, thou destroyer,—dire cause of our woe,
That rulest so sternly o'er all things below,
What art thou ? and where is the source of thy power,
To darken this earth at its fair nascent hour ?

XX.

Sin, sin is thy essence—corruption and worms,
Through thee, shall be fed on earth's loveliest forms;
And mothers and fathers shall weep when they see
Their beauteous young offspring disfigured by thee.

XXI.

To struggle against thee for mortals were vain;
Creation must yield to thy terrible reign,
Till earth 'neath thy footsteps shall groan in despair,
And the wail of thy doomed ones shall burden the air.

XXII.

The king and the noble in vain with thee plead
Their birth and their titles, their wealth or their creed.
Man's glory with thee is a bubble; his fame
A mere empty halo surrounding his name.

XXIII.

There's no one can flatter or bribe thee with gold,
And jewels are vain, though so fair to behold,
To turn thee aside from thy purpose and plan,
The downfall of nations, the ruin of man.

XXIV.

To mortals thou sayest: "Awake from your sleep;
For truly my promise with you I shall keep;
O'er every thing mortal dominion I claim;
You give me the title,—and you are to blame.

XXV.

Prepare for the conflict ; concentrate your skill ;
Array all your force in opposing my will ;
Then fearless I'll venture to combat with you,
And fight till the one shall the other subdue."

XXVI.

The challenge goes forth, and the fight is begun ;
And Death is the victor, and man is undone ;
And nature in sympathy, shedding a tear,
Is draped in deep mourning and trembles with fear.

XXVII.

Like thunder is heard the deep voice of the Lord,
Commanding the Cherub to come with the sword,
From the garden to drive out the man and his wife,
And henceforth take charge of the fair tree of life ;

XXVIII.

Lest they should partake of the tree, and be wise
As gods who inherit the realm of the skies ;
So Adam and Eve were from Eden expelled,
Because, through temptation, they both had rebelled.

XXIX.

Then Adam exclaimed : " Oh, how hard is my lot,
In quitting thee, Eden, most beautiful spot !
But mine is the sorrow, and mine is the shame ;
And none for this grief but myself can I blame."

XXX.

Now let us review Eden's beautiful bower,
Ere sin o'er its inmates had exercised power;
Let us see what bright glory our ancestors lost,
And how great is of sin and transgression the cost.

XXXI.

The fair fields of paradise, fresh from the hand
Of Him who had made them, rose glorious and grand,
Surpassing the loveliest scenes ever known
In the richest of climes where the sun has since shone.

XXXII.

An atmosphere pure as the heavenly clime
Was pregnant with odors of roses and thyme;
And fountains of waters played nature's soft tunes,
Or spread into lakes and sweet lilled lagoons.

XXXIII.

And hark to its songsters, how sweetly they sing—
Their song is of love, and of joy, and of spring,
Which with them ne'er ceases throughout the whole year;
And they know not what death means, nor sorrow, nor
fear.

XXXIV.

The beasts of the forest, now savage and fell,
Then roamed with the lamb and the kid in each dell;
And the cockatrice, now that is fatal and wild,
Might have then been caressed by the hand of a child.

XXXV.

Then man crowned the work in his wisdom and pride,
And woman appeared, his most beautiful bride,
Combining together all graces in twain,
Sole lords of creation's unbounded domain.

XXXVI.

They stood in the garden and joyful surveyed
Its beautiful landscape of sunshine and shade ;
While round them the birds and the animals came,
To be viewed by their lords, and receive each a name.

XXXVII.

And God saw His work, and behold it was good ;
And said : " All these trees may ye use for your food ;
Save one in the midst of the garden on high,
Which if ye shall eat of, that day ye shall die."

XXXVIII.

And oh ! what a change has transgression brought forth !
The blessing of God turned to curses and wrath ;
The beauty of Paradise into decay,
While bright flaming swords are now guarding the way !

XXXIX.

And the beasts of the forest, erst gentle and still,
With howlings and terror the waste places fill ;
So that even his life from their fury to save,
Man now must seek refuge in fortress or cave.

XL.

The air, that so lately was calm and serene,
Is blackened with clouds, with fierce contests between ;
With lightning and thunder that fearfully roll,
Appalling with terror the heart and the soul.

XLI.

While forests beneath the tornado are bent,
By lightning the rocks and the stout oaks are rent ;
And torrents of rain from the clouds fiercely pour,
Or rush from the mountains with terrible roar.

XLII.

Earth heaves with sore pain, and her entrails are torn ;
And in her dire travail fierce earthquakes are born :
Her innermost caverns are thrown open wide,
Whence hot, burning lava pours forth in a tide.

XLIII.

Man starts back with horror ; and then he surveys
The change, the tornado, the torrent, the blaze ;
The thought fills his bosom : “ Can sin be the cause
To torture all nature, upsetting her laws ? ”

XLIV.

He casts his thoughts inward to see what is there ;
And then he is filled with dark doubt and despair ;
Till Hope comes to cheer him and soothe his deep grief,
And whispers, “ God’s mercy may yet bring relief.”

XLV.

Bewildered again with his mind tempest-tost,
He sees and bewails the great good he has lost ;
He sees and he feels the full weight of his sin,
And the hell that results to his conscience within.

XLVI.

“Oh ! why did I yield to the tempter ?” he cried ;
“Oh ! why did I yield to ambition and pride ?
Oh ! why did I barter sweet innocence pure,
For a knowledge of things which I cannot endure ?

XLVII.

Ah ! why did I forfeit that blissful abode ?
Ah ! why did I flout my Creator and God,
Whereby I have supped full of horrors and dread,
And the vengeance of death is denounced on my head ?

XLVIII.

Death, death ! what is it ? Ah ! can it be worse
Than this life which is mine living under a curse ?
While the earth that once smiled, while each bird,
 beast and tree,
Are now become hateful and hostile to me ? ”

XLIX.

Death ! yes, let it come, if it only will bring
Oblivion of sorrow beneath its dark wing ;
Yes, death shall be hailed with the greatest delight,
If it shut out forever this earth from my sight.

L.

Why speak of myself, of my wife, of one pair ?
If we only suffered, we might not despair ;
But millions on millions, through us doomed to die,
Shall curse the dire cause of their sad destiny.

LI.

I see through the vista of time a dark scene,
Which renders my sorrow and anguish more keen :
Remorse for the deed which I cannot recall
Envelops my soul like a funeral pall.

LII.

I see my son, Abel, receive his death wound
From his brother ; his blood cries to God from the
ground,
Who sets a dread mark on the forehead of Cain,
Lest he by some brother in turn should be slain.

LIII.

I see of dire monsters the forthcoming birth,
When angels commingle with maids of this earth,
Till sinners and sin, foulest murder and blood,
Shall be washed from the earth by means of a flood.

LIV.

Then life shall be shortened ; man's hundreds before
Shall now be curtailed down to ten and three score ;
Or if by his strength eighty years he should gain,
The last will be dragged out in sorrow and pain.

LV.

Yet pleasure and vanity then will have sway,
And fashion and dress keep their votaries gay,
And serve to dispel from the anxious breast
A phantom which seen would deprive it of rest.

LVI.

Thus by certain changes the wrong will seem right,
And freedom from fear will be hailed with delight;
The surges of pleasure shall beat on life's shore,
And the weak voice of conscience shall trouble no more.

LVII.

Then sin, the great opiate, virtue shall blast,
Bind man in her fetters and there hold him fast;
Or, if she relaxes, 'tis but to allure
Her victim still onward, and thus to secure.

LVIII.

Then what shall avail him to boast of his birth,
The offspring of God and the son of the earth?
His deeds shall demonstrate, in spite of his pride,
That he to the serpent is nearly allied!

LIX.

Though doomed to destruction by Heaven's decree,
Entailed on his head through the serpent and me,
He yet seeks to mar, ere the time, his fair form,
Through cannon and steel, through war's bloodshed
and storm.

LX.

And this he calls glory, and this he calls fame—
Thus gilding his crimes with the ghost of a name ;
Through torrents of blood seeking so-called renown,
Disgracing the laurel to make him a crown."

LXI.

Thus Adam lamented, in sorrowful tone,
The fatal results of the deed he had done :
The fearful bequest he must leave to his heirs—
A legacy fraught with repentance and tears !

LXII.

But death above all seemed his terror and dread ;
Not that which on earth amongst mortals should spread,
But that which, more dreadful, should set up its throne
When time shall be ended, in regions unknown.

LXIII.

The regions of sorrow, of anguish, of ire,
In hell's dreary kingdom, beleaguered with fire ;
That murky retreat, that most sorrowful coast,
The final abode of the damned and the lost !

LXIV.

'Tis the gulf of great burning, the region of woes,
Whose horrors no mortal may ever disclose,
But which is set forth in God's Scripture so clear,
That all who shall will it may read it or hear.

LXV.

The gulf of perdition, that dismal abode,
Where all are confined who have sinned against God ;
Where, still unconsumed, in the flames they shall seethe,
With weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth !

BOOK II.

—

I.

Now leave we Death's regions, and upward ascend
To scenes whose bright glories our senses transcend ;
With John in the island of Patmos we view
The fair fields of Heaven immortal and new.

II.

Alone in that island, an exile away,
He was in the spirit on God's holy day,
When hark, like a trumpet, a voice struck his ear,
And then he turned round to behold and to hear.

III.

And there he beheld seven candlesticks bright,
All beaming with beauty, and cheering with light ;
And one in the midst of the candlesticks there
He saw clothed in garments, and white was his hair.

IV.

And, like to the Son of Man, fair to behold,
His paps were girt round with a girdle of gold ;
His feet were like brass from the furnace, so fine ;
And his eyes sparkled bright with a flame all divine.

V.

His countenance shone like the sun in his might,
While flooding the world with his beautiful light;
Seven stars in his right hand he held,—saith the Word;
And out of his mouth came a sharp, two-edged sword.

VI.

John fell at his feet, like to one who was dead,
The Man-God then laid his right hand on John's head,
Saying, "Fear not, my brother, and be not downcast,
Fear not, for I am the first and the last;

VII.

Who liveth, though formerly dead; who shall reign
Triumphant o'er Hell and Death's gloomy domain;
Then rise up, my brother, and carefully write
In a book the strange words which for thee I indite.

VIII.

The stars which thou sawest, and candlesticks bright,
Are angels of churches, and angels of light,
That to the great churches of Asia preach,
An angel to watch and keep guard over each.

IX.

And thus to the churches the Spirit doth say:
'To him who endureth the heat of the day,
Who, by perseverance, shall win in the strife,
To him I will give of the fair tree of life.

X.

Be patient and fear not. The Devil will cast
Of your number in prison ; but this cannot last ;
Ten days' tribulation ye have to endure,
Thereafter salvation to you shall be sure.

XI.

And unto the sinners who shall not repent,
This message, through thee, for their ear shall be sent :
" I come to afflict you with famine and drouth,
And to fight against you with the sword of my mouth.

XII.

For those whom I love I rebuke and chastise ;
Oh, therefore, be zealous, repent and be wise ;
I stand at the door and call with a loud voice :
With those who receive me I sup and rejoice.

XIII.

To those, who shall labor for me, I shall grant
Pure manna from Heaven, as much as they want ;
A white stone for each will be marked with a name,
And no one shall know but himself whence it came.

XIV.

To him, who shall triumph o'er sin, I will give
As king over nations to rule and to live ;
The bright morning star he shall hold in his hand,
And the people shall bow to what he may command.

XV.

Yea, all who shall conquer—and each one alone,
As I, with the Father, shall sit on my throne;
Let him who hath ears pay attention and hear;
The churches to me and the Spirit are dear!’ ”

XVI.

Then John was encouraged, and looked up once more,
And saw Heaven open, and in it a door;
And the voice that first spake, said: “ Come up here
to me;
I will show you the things which hereafter shall be.”

XVII.

And lo! in the Spirit he saw a bright throne,
And a rainbow like emerald all round it shone;
And he who upon the same sat seemed as bright
As a jasper or diamond, resplendent with light.

XVIII.

And all round the throne there were seen many more,
These seats all amounted to twenty and four;
On each sat an elder, not young nor yet old,
Whose heads were encircled with crowns of pure gold.

XIX.

And thunder pealed loudly and red lightning blazed
From the midst of the throne, whence loud voices were
raised;
And seven bright lamps before it there stood,
The emblems of seven pure spirits of God.

XX.

And there was a sea, like to crystal, of glass,
And beasts, four in number, all eyes, through it pass ;
And one was a lion ; in one you could trace
A calf ; and the third was a man, as to face.

XXI.

The fourth was an eagle on wing ; while their cry
Was “ Glory to God everlasting on high,
Who dwells in the holy of holies, his home,
Who was, and who is, and who is yet to come.”

XXII.

And lo ! while the beasts thus God’s glory proclaim,
The elders fall down and they worship his name ;
And while their bright crowns at his footstool they
shower,
They exclaim, “ Thou, Lord, only, art worthy of power !”

XXIII.

And a book in the hand of Jehovah was held,
All carefully written, and seven-fold sealed ;
And the voice of an angel was heard to inquire,
“ To open these seals who will dare to aspire ?”

XXIV.

And no man in Heaven or earth undertook
To break the strong seals, or to open the book ;
One only in this mighty task could prevail,
The root of King David,—and he could not fail !

XXV.

In the midst of the throne and the elders there stood
A Lamb,—who had shed for the nations his blood ;
He came and received from his father the scroll,
While the hosts sound his praise in their songs to each
pole.

XXVI.

Their harps swell in triumph, their incense ascends,
While with the sweet strains of the music it blends ;
Their song was a new one which Heaven's vault shook,
And it said, "Thou art worthy to open the book ;

XXVII.

For thou hast redeemed us to life and to God ;
For us thou wast slain—and didst shed thy heart's blood ;
By every nation, and people and tongue,
Thy praise, and thy glory, and love shall be sung."

XXVIII.

All saying: "How worthy the Lamb that was slain,
Of glory, and honor, and boundless domain."
The elders chimed in with the glorious strain,
And the beasts sang in concert, "Amen and amen!"

XXIX.

And one there stood up like to Enoch of old ;
His harp was all shining with jewels and gold ;
He poured out sweet strains in the midst of the throng,
And this was the burden and theme of his song :

XXX.

“ When man by transgression had tempted the Lord,
And Justice was ready to smite with the sword,
Love pleaded with Justice, thus saying, ‘ I pray,
Grant man a brief respite—some little delay !’

XXXI.

Then Love, in his zeal for our poor fallen race,
Spread his pinions and smiled on Earth’s sin-clouded
face,
And calling to Mercy, he showed her the plan,
And said : ‘ Let us labor for God and for man.’

XXXII.

Go thou to man’s dwelling, and to him relate
The news of salvation, reprieve of his fate ;
That Love has redeemed him from sin and from shame,
If he will but repent and accept of the same.

XXXIII.

I’ll send down the Spirit, and he shall indite
Both what thou shalt utter and what thou shalt write ;
The scheme of redemption shall fully unfold,
By which all lost sheep shall be brought to the fold.”

XXXIV.

Then Mercy replied : “ Only stand by my side,
Dictate what thou wilt, and by it I abide.”
Then Love answered Mercy : “ Dispel man’s dark night,
And I will all hearts in affection unite.”

XXXV.

But Mercy made answer: "Man, too, has a choice,
And he may be deaf to my prayer and my voice,
Then let us an embassy unto him send,
To which he may listen, as if to a friend."

XXXVI.

"And whom shall we send him that's true to the trust?"
"GOODWILL and DESIRE, but Goodwill shall be first.
To their wise persuasions he doubtless will yield,
When duly commissioned they enter the field."

XXXVII.

Goodwill and Desire undertake with great zeal
This duty, while all its importance they feel;
But Goodwill was more prompt, and at once launched
away,
While Desire still pleaded some cause for delay.

XXXVIII.

Goodwill was untiring in efforts with all;
His presence was welcome at every call;
He said that his mission was one of great joy,
And hoped that all men would his service employ.

XXXIX.

He moved round his circuit thus year after year,
Yet small did the fruits of his labor appear;
But few met his wishes or in him believed,
Till at length he was sorely discouraged and grieved.

XL.

And though he still labored, he found to his cost
That his claims were unheeded, his prestige was lost ;
He felt that while he had no better to show,
Goodwill would be slighted by mortals below.

XLI.

And then he sighed deeply and called on Desire
To aid him mankind with just views to inspire,
And point him, with command of mercy and love,
From earth to the beautiful region above.

XLII.

Desire hated labor, and lingered to sing
In the presence of Love, till swept off by Love's wing ;
And sailing to earth, though by no means too fast,
He said to Goodwill—"Here behold me at last."

XLIII.

'And why hast thou loitered and dallied so long
In idleness, singing some pitiful song?"
Said Goodwill in anger. "Because," said Desire,
"My soul, all enraptured with love, was on fire!"

XLIV.

"If that be the case," said Goodwill in return,
"Let thy love for the good of mankind brightly burn ;
Teach mortals those treasures to prize which endure—
Where rust cannot eat, and where all are secure."

XLV.

Alas ! for the good that still lingers within,
When brought into contact with death and with sin !
The brightest of angels have fallen from grace,
When mingling on earth with the vile and the base.

XLVI.

By such foul contagion Desire became changed—
So much so that all thought his mind was deranged ;
For now he proclaimed from the hill's topmost height,
That "to love what you please, and enjoy it, is right."

XLVII.

Goodwill then withdrew in disgust from the scene ;
His sorrow was deep and his anguish was keen.
Perverted Desire, in his passionate sway,
Reigned now uncontrolled and corrupted his way,

XLVIII.

Till earth was one mass of corruption and sin—
Gigantic without, but all rotten within ;
When searched by the eye of Omnipotence round,
One only just man 'midst the ruin was found.

XLIX.

Then God, having viewed the result of his plan,
Declared it repented him that he'd made man ;
"It grieved him at heart" to behold him so vile—
The football of passion and Satanic guile.

LI.

Then Mercy and Love from the conflict withdrew ;
Man would not receive them, so what could they do ?
Then Justice came forth to enforce the decree
Of the Judge, who gave judgment, O man ! against thee.

LII.

But man would not heed it, though sentence was passed,
Preferring his moments in riot to waste—
Vain longings, false hopes, or mere frivolous play ;
Nor is he much wiser or better to-day !

LIII.

Nor yet without warning. Each stroke on the ark
Foretold his destruction ; each nail was a mark
By which to take notice of time's rapid flight,
That soon would send torrent, and deluge, and night.

LIV.

And Noah, the preacher, would often relate
To his neighbors around him the fiat of fate,
That none might hereafter have any pretence
In blaming another to seek self-defence.

LV.

But they laughed him to scorn, or declared he was blind,
Through defect of good sense or delusion of mind ;
They danced and they reveled with music and song,
And thus, unperceived, the swift years sped along.

LVI.

When years sixteen hundred had thus passed away,
With forty and nine, to an hour and a day,
Then Noah ceased preaching, that he might embark,
While judgment was stayed, on his newly made ark.

LVII.

Yea, in the six hundredth year of Noah's life
He entered the ark with his sons and his wife,
And with his sons' wives, who, but eight souls in all,
Were saved from the ruin thus caused by the fall.

LVIII.

And God with His hand shut the door on the crew,
So precious to Him and to man, though so few;
To the storm and the wave He gave ample scope then
To revel at will on the children of men.

LIX.

And down came the torrent, and up swelled the flood,
O'erwhelming fair nature, though just in the bud;
And earth was inclosed in a watery shroud,
With all her fair forms, late so pompous and proud.

LX.

How sad the reflection ! but yet it is true,
The ark of the gospel will save but a few;
Though all are invited to enter who will,
The mass will refuse and be obstinate still.

LXI.

And oh! the wild shriek of despair, and the wail
Which shall rise from the earth and ascend on the gale,
When the hope of salvation shall fade from their sight,
And the horrors of hell shall engulf them in night!

LXII.

Such sounds, though less doleful, were heard from the
crowd,
When the lightnings and torrents poured down from the
cloud,
And the waters, resistless, swept o'er all the plain,
And the fugitives fled to the mountains in vain.

LXIII.

And there for a moment they stand and they view
The waters, like hell-hounds, their footsteps pursue!
Still higher and higher the giant waves rise,
And lash in their rage the arched vault of the skies.

LXIV.

And then men look up, and with terror they see
The serpents seek safety on rock and on tree;
And then the poor victims yield up to despair,
By shrieks and by tears, and by tearing their hair.

LXV.

And then to add pangs to their horror and grief,
The ark hovers near them, as if for relief;
They stretch out their hands and for mercy implore,
But no man is found who can open the door!

LXVI.

“Alas!” they exclaim, “we are ruined and lost!
God’s mercy we slighted, and ours is the cost;
Our lives are the forfeit—we must pay the whole,
But oh, may God’s mercy redeem the poor soul!

BOOK III.

I.

THE Storm has passed over, and nature once more
Is clothed in a vesture as rich as before,
More fresh and more pure from the recent decay,
Which swept all corruption and baseness away.

II.

But Eden has vanished from nature's fair face,
And of its existence has left not a trace ;
And the life-bringing tree, in its midst that once stood,
Is carried away by the force of the flood.

III.

And where is it now ? In the garden above
It blooms by the river of God, through whose love
The nations of earth shall its influence feel,
And its fruits and its leaves shall have virtue to heal.

IV.

But the tree of the knowledge of good and of ill
Was saved from the shock, and remains with us still ;
Its fruits, though discordant, on earth can not fail
Through seed time and harvest, till one shall prevail.

V.

Beneath certain symbols a mystery lies,
To sense seeming strange, and to sin-clouded eyes :
Let reason and faith lift the veil, and God's plan
Will appear to be mercy and love unto man.

VI.

As pleasure can only be measured by pain,
So sunshine is brighter because of the rain ;
And sweet is the calm that succeeds to the storm,
As home to the outcast seems genial and warm.

VII.

The knowledge of evil, the will to decide,
With reason and conscience alone for his guide,
Is man's great distinction, that serves to define
His nature, which marks him an essence divine.

VIII.

Were he fenced around that he could not transgress,
He still were a brute—nothing more, nothing less—
Chained down with the animal tribe to the dust—
A slave to his tyrants, base passion and lust !

IX. /

But man of his reason can make no good use,
If once from the dayspring of light he cut loose ;
Adrift on the ocean of error he sails,
Withheld from his haven by contrary gales.

X.

But God, in His mercy, still keeps him in sight,
Directing his course by His wisdom and light;
And, 'midst the wild thunder and tempest's loud roar,
Vouchsafes him a glimpse of the heavenly shore.

XI.

The flood had subsided,—the ark found a rest
On Ararat's mount, in the land of the East;
And Noah and all who escaped from the flood
Came forth and sang praises and hymns unto God.

XII.

And God spake to Noah, and said to him, "Lo!
A covenant with thee I make, and this bow
Which I set in the cloud be a witness that I
No more shall cause man by a deluge to die."

XIII.

And time moved along in its uniform flight,
With its good and its ill, with its darkness and light;
And earth teemed with motion and life as before,
Where sorrow and sin held full sway as of yore.

XIV.

And God had compassion on man, for he said,
"Man's heart is at fault evermore—not his head;
From his youth he is evil, and can not be sound
Till grace and redemption for him shall be found."

XV.

To Abram he said, "Receive this, my command :
Rise up, get away from thy kindred and land ;
For thee I will raise to great power and fame,
And make thee a nation and honor thy name."

XVI.

And Abram gave heed to the word of the Lord,
Whom still 'midst temptation he loved and adored ;
By one great temptation at last it was proved
How greatly he trusted—how fondly he loved !

XVII.

For God said to him, "Now my will must be done :
Take him whom thou lovest—yea, Isaac, thy son,
And offer him up a burnt off'ring to me,
On that peak of Moriah which I point to thee."

XVIII.

Then Abram arose and prepared to obey
The word of the Lord, and made haste on his way ;
And to his young men he said, when he drew near,
"The lad and myself shall ascend—you stay here."

XIX.

On the back of his victim the burden he laid
Of the wood to consume it, and then took the blade
That was destined to shed its heart's blood in one hand,
In the other he carried a fire-flaming brand.

XX.

And as they ascended the silence was broke
By Isaac, who thus to his father first spoke :
“The fire and the knife and the wood I can see,
But the lamb for the off’ring is lacking to thee.”

XXI.

And as they still mounted thus Abram replied :
“My son, the good God will His victim provide.”
And when they arrived at the place he there made
The altar, and on it young Isaac he laid !

XXII.

And when the sad father had bound his son fast,
And taken one look, which he thought was his last,
He stretched out his hand and took hold of the knife
That soon would deprive his sole darling of life.

XXIII.

And what were his feelings ! ah, who can conceive !
Love struggles with duty ! Will Mercy reprieve ?
Ah me ! the fierce stroke of the knife must descend
On the heart of the loved one, the child and the friend !

XXIV.

But no ! for the angel of God from the sky
Descends to the twain with this merciful cry :
“Stop ! touch not the lad, for already I see
Thy faith, e’en thy son not withholding from me !

XXV.

And surely because this great thing thou hast done,
And hast not withheld thy own dearly-loved son,
My blessing forever shall fall upon thee,
And blessed for thy sake all the nations shall be."

LXVI.

From this we infer that God will condescend
To teach us, poor mortals, on Him to depend,
And that He has given, through love to our race,
A covenant teeming with mercy and grace.

XXVII.

To Adam first given, to Noah renewed,
In Abraham, Isaac and Jacob reviewed;
Through Joseph in Egypt 'tis plain to be seen,
And Moses and Aaron most favored have been.

XXVIII.

God's visits were many, His judgments still more,
And Egypt for mercy was forced to implore;
Triumphant He marched through the sea with his host,
Despite of proud Pharoah and yet prouder boast.

XXIX.

His goodness at Horeb and Sinai was shown,
Where thunders and voices enveloped His throne,
And where the whole people, assembled in awe,
Received from His hand the great boon of the law.

XXX.

This great revelation conveys to us light
Transcending the splendors of day or of night—
Transcending the lessons of nature or art,
Because it informs while it softens the heart.

XXXI.

What else could have taught us the nature of God,
Or raised up our thoughts to the Source of all Good?
What could have impressed the dull mind of our race
With a sense of God's goodness, His wisdom and grace?

XXXII.

And man in his infancy, whence could he learn,
Unaided, the right from the wrong to discern,
Had not revelation impressed on his soul
That ONE God created and ruled o'er the whole?

XXXIII.

That He was omnipotent, grand and sublime—
Unlimited, filling all space and all time;
That all other Gods were a myth, or in vain—
The morbid creations of man's heated brain!

XXXIV.

And when, thro' transgression, this knowledge was lost,
And men worshiped things, or the bright starry host,
How could man recover the heavenly flame
Except thro' the source whence he first caught the same?

XXXV.

Would knowledge of nature suffice to restore
A being deemed fit for mankind to adore ?
Such knowledge, alas ! only serves to decoy
Man's soul from its source, and his faith to destroy.

XXXVI.

And hence our Creator, in mercy and grace,
Consented to enter a bond with our race,
By which to restore us to mansions of love—
That paradise blooming in heaven above.

XXXVII.

And hence He has given his law for our guide,
With free-will to act and with sense to decide ;
So that the great issue, whate'er it turn out,
Will be by his own free-will act brought about.

XXXVIII.

For if man is trammelled, and thus has no will,
And God gives him motion each act to fulfill,
It is plain, and admits of a full demonstration,
That in such event man must act by dictation.

XXXIX.

And if by his motion God gives man a start,
Man is a machine and acts merely his part,
As he is impelled by the touch or the voice,
Sans merit or blame, since he acts without choice !

XL.

Much like to a whistle or flute, that is made
By some skillful artist, by whom it is played,
It gives out such tones as the player inspires,
But is lifeless and dumb when the master retires.

XLI.

Gross matter is senseless and lifeless, inert,
And, save by momentum, no power can exert—
Immovable, save when impelled by some force,
Of which we know neither the end nor the source.

XLII.

The sun and the earth and the planets appear,
Controlled by some power each to keep its own sphere,
With such nice adjustment of art and of skill
As to show forth omnipotent essence and will.

XLIII.

To show forth omniscience, love and design,
Which only exist in an essence divine ;
For matter alone has no action to move
Till warmed by the breath of omnipotent love.

XLIV.

It matters not what this great force we may name—
Gravitation, cohesion, light, motion or flame ;
Each is but a phase of the essence—some mood
Of the being, the wisdom and goodness of God.

XLV.

For God is in all things, in Him all things live ;
To Him and Him only due praise let us give :
Let each and all prostrate before Him fall down,
And cast at His feet both his heart and his crown.

XLVI.

“ If this be the case,” some objectors exclaim,
“ Then God for the sins of the world is to blame—
To make such a creature as man to rebel,
Whose crimes should subject him to death and to hell.

XLVII.

We look to the earth, and what do we behold ?
A charnel house rotten at core, as of old,
Where crime, desolation and murder abound,
And not one just man in the mass can be found.

XLVIII.

In bloody contention there brothers engage ;
There discord and strife in the family rage,
And sever the loves of the husband and wife,
By pistol or poison, divorce or the knife.

XLIX.

There maidens deserted, the victims of lust,
Are left to bewail their sad fate in the dust ;
Or, burdened by sorrows too heavy to bear,
Seek death as a refuge from grief and despair.

L.

There infants, all helpless, fresh ushered to light,
Are left all exposed to the chill of the night,
Or given a prey to the flame or the flood,
Or stain the pure earth with their innocent blood.

LI.

There genius and wealth doff their hat to the stool
Where, enshrined in high state, sits some popular fool,
Whom nature had destined for life's sober shade,
But whom fate in a frolic a ruler has made.

LII.

There goes the inventor, whose talent and skill
Are employed to devise the best methods to kill ;
Whose needle-guns, Chassepots and Deringers claim
The crown of all glory, the acme of fame.

LIII.

And there stand the armies in battle array—
Their music's inspiring, their colors are gay ;
They rush to the slaughter, and those who come out
Begin to inquire—'What was all this about?'

LIV.

And if, in the absence of hate or of ire,
Men cease to be swept off by war or by fire,
Disease spreads its wings with destruction to brood,
Or God sends it thick'ning in famine and flood.

LV.

And children, dear children, are severed away
From the hearts of their parents by rapid decay,
Or lingering sickness, and silently fall,
Sinless victims to death—saddest sorrow of all !

LVI.

And why should a God who is merciful, just,
Thus grant such indulgence to crime and to lust,
While innocence suffers and virtue's oppressed,
And the wise and the just are condemned to unrest ?”

LVII.

Ah, cavilers, stop ! be more cautious and pause—
Judge not till you've learned something more of God's
laws ;
The ignorant only are prompt to decide,
While the wise for more knowledge are wont to abide.

LVIII.

What can mortal conceive, or imagine, or scan
Of the dealings of God with this world and with man ?
Or who can the scheme of our being survey,
Or one phase of its multiform purpose portray ?

LIX.

Our senses are circumscribed, feeble and blind !
Are these the sole paths to the soul and the mind ?
If so, how imperfect our knowlege must be
Of the phantoms of earth which we fancy we see !

LX.

We see but one form of the essence of life—
Distorted, perverted by war and by strife;
The form ever mocks us, the substance eludes,
While the demon of doubt on our presence intrudes.

LXI.

Could we the whole scheme at one glance comprehend,
Then God would appear a kind Father and Friend,
Rejoicing in those who are led by His will,
But grieving o'er those who are obstinate still.

LXII.

And hark to the spirits afflicted with grief,
Who cry to the Father for help and relief:
"The waters have passed o'er our heads!" is the cry;
"From the depths we implore thee, our Father on high!

LXIII.

From the depths we implore thee to help us and raise
Our souls from despair—lift our voices in praise;
This burden of sin from our shoulders remove,
And bless us once more with thy light and thy love."

LXIV.

The Jobs of the earth, the down-trodden and crushed,
Whose voices by tyranny long had been hushed,
Have broken their bonds, to the Saviour they flee,
And say, "From the depths we have cried unto thee."

LXV.

And in the vast chorus of voices that rose
From the earth to the sky with its burden of woes,
The voice of the seamstress who yearned to be free,
Wailed, "Lord, from the depths I have cried unto thee."

LXVI.

The shelterless orphan, the penniless poor,
The shivering wretch spurned away from each door—
All, all joined the chorus in sad symphony—
"O Lord from the depths we have cried unto thee!"

LXVII.

One said, "O my God, I have worked for thy cause,
The right to sustain and to strengthen thy laws;
My arm and my blood to defend them I gave,
Then harken my prayer, O my Father, and save!"

LXVIII.

Another exclaimed in a sorrowful tone,
"My children are gone and I now am alone;
As martyrs for truth they were borne to the grave,
Then harken my prayer, O my Father, and save!"

LXIX.

And soft female voices arose on the gale—
Heartrending and sad was the pitiful wail:
"Our hearts, made for love, are but strangers to joy—
Seduction and want their pure fountains destroy."

LXX.

Our hands, made to fold the sweet pledges of love,
Must toil at those tasks which man's strength well
 would prove,
Abused by our lords as if each were his slave ;
Then hearken our prayer, oh our Father, and save."

LXXI.

The wailing of infants is heard in the sound,
And hopeless old age its expression has found,
The masses of earth all unite in the song,
And the echoes of hell the wild measure prolong.

LXXII.

And God to these cries seemed to lend a deaf ear ;
Has He gone on a journey, or will he not hear ?
Then howlings of madness, of rage and despair,
Burst out from the pit, filling earth, sea and air.

LXXIII.

And howlings of vengeance and blasphemy dire,
Are hurled against God from the regions of fire,
The fronts that seemed downcast and prostrate before,
Are raised in defiance—their plaint is a roar !

LXXIV.

Their pain is converted to fury and rage,
The hosts in fierce conflict each other engage ;
Earth trembles—the heavens are crisped to a scroll ;
The lightnings appal, and the thunders loud roll.

LXXV.

And see, as the sound of the strife dies away,
The hosts of perdition are swept from the day ;
To hell's lowest depths—for eternity—hurled,
No more shall they trouble or ruin the world.

LXXVI.

And hark to the song of the angels who sing
Triumphant their hymn to their Lord and their King ;
The victor who sits in their midst on his throne,
“To Him be the glory and honor alone.”

LXXII.

For now since his motives have been understood,
Men hail Him as holy, as just and as good,
And feel that his hatred of sin has been shown
By saving man's life at the cost of his own.

BOOK IV.

I.

To Egypt the ancient, the mighty, the fair,
To view that dominion now let us repair,
And all its past glories before us retrace,
Which served to enlighten and perfect our race.

II.

What vision now opens itself to our eyes ?
'Tis the glory of earth and the pride of the skies ;
An atmosphere pure, a land bright to behold,
And teeming with honey, with milk and with gold !

III.

To Eastward far-stretching the Red sea is seen,
And the Isthmus of Suez, with mountains between ;
On the South Ethiopia stretches away
To the rigions of light, to the source of the day.

IV.

To the Westward the desert of Lybia extends,
Which death to the venturous merchant portends ;
To Northward the Mediterranean pours
Its tribute of commerce, to add to her stores.

V.

From South unto North, and throughout its whole length,
A river majestic, in grandeur and strength,
Enriches the soil with its bountiful flood,
Diffusing o'er all an abundance of food.

VI.

There stood ancient Thebes, Hecatompylis named,
Because of its gates through all ages so famed ;
Whence Memnon led out to the succor of Troy
His chariots and horse the Greek foe to annoy.

VII.

These gates were one hundred in number, and each,
As records authentic and histories teach,
Could send out to battle equipped for the fight,
Its myriads of soldiers of valor and might.

VIII.

And there was old Memphis, which formerly stood
Where Cairo stands now, by the Nile's rolling flood ;
And near it the Pyramids, grand and sublime,
Defying the ravage of Nature and Time.

IX.

And there Heliopolis once raised its head ;
A city whose obelisks honored the dead :
One raised by Sesostris was carried to Rome,
And one by Rameses, there, too, found a home.

X.

There Mæris, a king of great power and fame,
Dug that excavation that goes by his name ;
And in it two pyramids built—one to show
Its failure—the other—the Nile's overflow.

XI.

And in that same lake, near Arsinoë, rose
The Labyrinth, which twelve great buildings compose ;
With rooms fifteen hundred, ranged artfully round,
Whence egress in vain might be sought, but not found.

XII.

Here in Hieropolis, too, it is told,
The Phoenix expires, when grown feeble and old ;
And from the decaying remains of the sire,
A son is produced, who presides at his pyre.

XIII.

So rare is this bird, that one only is found
Upon earth at one time, though we search it all round ;
His years are six hundred ;—an eagle in size ;
His form is majestic ; like stars are his eyes ;

XIV.

His head is adorned with a beautiful crest ;
The plumes of his neck are of gold, and the rest
Are purple, with changes of white and of red ;
And a halo of glory around him is shed.

XV.

And what though his life be a fabulous tale,
Yet still, as an emblem, it well may avail,
To teach us that virtue, although it be rare,
Upon earth, is still lovely, and precious, and fair.

XVI.

From Ham the Egyptian derives his descent;
And Misraim his name to the region first lent;
And never on earth can the epithet fail
While *Mesre* is heard in the speech of Ishmael.

XVII.

And even old Greece named it Chemia, when
Its name was still fresh in the minds of all men;
For Chemia from Cham, which is Ham, must be sprung,
As is plain from the structure and use of their tongue.

XVIII.

But later, they named it Egyptus, because
That king was a conqueror, giver of laws,
To nations and peoples who followed his train;
And Egypt for ever its name will remain.

XIX.

But Misraim, the grandson of Noah, is known
To be the first king who first sat on the throne
Of that mighty nation which Egypt we call,
And he reigned both beloved and respected by all.

XX.

A king some time later, Buciris by name,
Built Thebes, and through this rose to power and fame ;
And then Osymandyas seized on the helm,
And ruled with great glory that beautiful realm.

XXI.

He built many structures of beauty and grace,
And in them left niches for statues, and space
For exquisite pictures with which to enrich
The walls, and placed statues in every niche.

XII.

And near was a library—first of the kind
Recorded by man, and named “Food for the mind ;”
And o’er it was written in legible scroll,
“The store-house for all that enlightens the soul.”

XXIV.

And thus for long ages the people had rest ;—
Where rulers are just there the nation is blest—
Till by some mischance or mistake in the realm,
Strange rulers attacked and took charge of the helm.

XXV.

And these were the *Hycsos, or Shepherd kings* hight,
Who ruled o’er the land with great vigor and might,
For two hundred wearisome years and three score,
And this yoke, for their sins, the Egyptian bore.

XXVI.

While one of the strangers in Egypt held sway,
Called Pharoah—a name claimed by each at this day,
A famine drove Abraham to Egypt for bread,
And with him young Sarah, his consort he led.

XXVII.

And Sarah was lovely ; and this he well knew ;
And thus he addressed her, when nearer they drew :
“The King will behold thee, and, smit with thy charms,
Will slay me, to fold thee, my wife, in his arms.

XXVIII.

I pray thee then say, that my sister thou art,
And then I shall bless thee with fullness of heart ;
For then I shall owe thee the boon of my life,
For thou art my sister, as well as my wife.”

XXIX.

And Pharoah beheld her, and lo ! she was fair,
Surpassing the beauties of Egypt, though rare ;
And for her dear sake with munificence told
To Abraham, rich treasures of silver and gold.

XXX.

But Pharoah was plagued by the hand of the Lord,
And thus to her husband he uttered the word :
“What hast thou done to me ? Why did'st thou deny ?
That she was thy wife ? Thou hast told me a lie.”

XXXI.

Then Pharoah commanded to send him away,
With wife and possessions; and they did obey;
And Abraham, refreshed from his hunger and drouth,
Departed and went to the land of the south.

XXXII.

Thetmosis soon after expelled from the land
The strangers, and took on himself the command;
And ruled over Egypt with justice and truth,
As those who had sway in the days of her youth.

XXXIII.

Long after his day, by the goodness of Heaven,
To a bonds slave in Potiphar's house it was given,
The grace and the wisdom the nation to save,
And through it, the world from the curse of the grave.

XXXIV.

When Jacob returned from the land of Chaldee,
To which he was forced by his brother to flee,
He dwelt in the land where his fathers of old,
Had tilled the rich soil, and had tended the fold.

XXXV.

And Joseph, his son, just now turned of eighteen,
Who all the base arts of his brothers had seen,
Reported their deeds to the ear of his sire,
And thus filled their souls with deep envy and ire.

XXXVI.

Now Israel loved Joseph above all the rest,
And with his own hands had prepared him a vest,
A coat all bespangled with colors and gold,
Because he was born to him when he was old.

XXXVII.

And Joseph had dreamt, and related his dream
To his brothers, as thus: "Unto me it did seem,
That while we were binding our sheaves in the field,
Your sheaves low obeisance to my sheaves did yield.

XXXVIII.

And his brethren, indignant, made answer and said:
"Shalt thou be our lord, and shall we bow our head
To thee, as our sovereign"—and therefore the more
They hated him still for their grudges of yore.

XXXIX.

And when he was sent by his father to where
At Dothan his brethren of flocks had the care,
They saw him approach, and thus said to each other:
"Lo, there comes the dreamer; let's murder our brother."

XL.

But Reuben withheld them, and said: "Let no blood
Be shed by our hands, for that would not be good,"
So, when he approached them, they seized him and tore
From his person the beautiful coat that he wore.

XLI.

And cast him unfeelingly into a pit
That was deep, though still dry—and they kept him in it,
Till they saw, in the distance, some merchants appear,
And they sold him to these, when they drew still more
near.

XLII.

And Reuben returned, unaware of the plot,
And looked in the pit, and behold, he was not !
And he said to his brothers, with heart filled with woe
And garments all rent, “Alas ! where shall I go ?”

XLIII.

They took up the coat which their brother had worn
And brought it to Jacob, all bloody and torn ;
Saying, “This we have found, but we yet cannot say,
Whether it be Joseph, our brother’s, or nay.”

XLIV.

And Jacob at once knew the garment, and said :
“ ’Tis the garb of my son, but, alas ! he is dead ;
Some wild beast hath slain him—and I am bereft
Of my son, and no hope of his life is now left.”

XLV.

And rending his garments, in sackcloth he lay,
Besprinkled with ashes, abhorring the day,
Which hid from his eye the bright light of his soul,
For whose loss nothing earthly his grief could console.

XLVI.

Though daughters and sons up to comfort him rose,
And sought to divert him from thought of his woes,
In vain were their efforts to bring him relief,
So sad was his heart and so lasting his grief.

XLVII.

“No comfort,” he cried, “for this desolate heart,
While torn from its idol, my Joseph, apart;
He comes not to me, but to him I descend
Through the grave, my sole refuge, my hope, and my
friend!”

XLVIII.

While thus we leave Israel to mourn for his son
In sackcloth and ashes, the desolate one;
Let us follow to Egypt the merchants, who bore
The youth from his father, to that foreign shore.

XLIX.

These rapidly traversed the desert along,
While cheering their journey with mirth and with song;
While Joseph, the captive, with tears in his eyes,
Implored them for mercy, 'midst sobbings and sighs.

L.

He spoke of his father who loved him so well,
And on his great goodness he fondly would dwell;
And how his poor heart would be sunk in despair,
When he found that no longer his darling was there.

LI.

“ My father,” he said, “ has abundance of gold,
If that be the object for which I am sold ;
Restore me to him, a reward you’ll receive,
Far greater than that the Egyptians will give.”

LII.

But they laughed him to scorn, and they mocked him
and jeered,
“ If they did so,” they said, that “ they very much
feared,
That the damsels of Egypt, bereft of their prize,
Would be prompt in revenge, and would tear out their
eyes.

LIII.

A beauty like you in their midst is so rare,
That to gain you much strife and some tearing of hair
Will be quite in order, so, boy, never fear,
That whoever shall win you shall pay fully dear.

LIV.

If you knew your good fortune, you would not repine
To be courted by women and feted with wine,
In the palace of kings, is a happy exchange,
For the shepherd’s dull life and the wild’s savage range.”

LV.

Disgusted, heartbroken, the captive remained
In silence and sorrow, until they had gained
The borders of Egypt, where Sihor, the brook,
Soft murmured, and there a brief respite they took.

LVI.

'Twas evening ; the sun had just sunk in the west,
And Venus was crowned with her beautiful crest,
Which shed o'er the grove, and the vale, and the stream,
The rich silver light of her exquisite beam.

LVII.

And cooling and bland was the breath of the breeze,
Which whispered its love to the flowers and the trees ;
And these, to repay its soft kisses, unfold
Their treasures more precious than silver or gold.

LVIII.

The treasures that speak of Arabia, the blest,
Or of those fair, rich gardens away to the West,
Which the daughters of Atlas so carefully tend,
And whose fruit of pure gold fiercest dragons defend.

LXIX.

The merchants dismount from their camels which browse
On the grass, or partake of the stream as it flows ;
While Joseph they bind to a sapling hard by,
Lest, while they reposed, he should mock them and fly.

LX.

They spread on the grass richest viands and wine,
And then, with much mirth and much laughter they dine ;
They send to their captive red wine and good meat,
But he was unable to drink or to eat.

LXI.

For grief was upon him—his heart was oppressed,
When he thought of his father unable to rest ;
Lamenting for him as for one that was lost,
Or haply with harrowing doubts tempest-tost.

LXII.

He pictured the old man o'erwhelmed with his woe,
While salt tears in streams from his eyes overflow ;
And groans from the depths of his heart load the air,
While he rolls on his couch in the pangs of despair.

LXIII.

And looking that moment around him, he sees,
The merchants, all sunk in deep sleep 'neath the trees ;
And then a wild thought rushed at once to his mind,
To tear himself free—leave his captors behind.

LXIV.

And while he considered how this might be done,
A figure approached him—as bright as the sun,
And said, “ Fear not, Joseph, I come as a friend,
My counsel to thee in this crisis to lend.

LXV.

I know all thy thoughts ; and thy feelings I know,
Are such as from purest affection still flow,
The natural love of a dutiful son,
For a sire who by goodness that blessing hath won.

LXVI.

But, nevertheless, when thy duties demand,
Thy feelings must yield to God's will and command ;
The service though hard He will pay thee tenfold,
In a way which, at present, I cannot unfold.

LXVII.

For thee God hath chosen His work to perform,
Thro' good and thro' ill, thro' both sunshine and storm,
Whatever befall thee, through good and through ill,
Remember thy *friend*, and be true to him still.

LXVIII.

He sends thee to Egypt this work to prepare,
And He will be with thee and strengthen thee there,
And though great temptations and sorrows assail,
Be faithful through all and thou needs must not fail.

LXIX.

And do not because of thy father repine ;
He will be consoled by the goodness divine ;
Which hope in his soul for thy safety inspires,
And bids him to trust in the Lord, like his sires.

LXX.

I've laid him in slumber, and tranquil his rest ;
All gloom and all sorrow have fled from his breast ;
For though all mankind are the subjects of grief,
The pangs of the just are but trivial and brief.

LXXI.

So saying—the angel of God broke the chain
That held Joseph bound, yet he bade him remain;
And rest 'neath the tree where he stood, in repose,
And follow the merchants, next day, where they chose.

LXXII.

And when the bright vision departed, the soul
Of the captive was raised with his eyes to the pole;
Where eastward the angel had taken his flight,
And filled all the earth with a halo of light.

LXXIII.

And his voice rose in grateful rejoicing on high,
As one who was favored by light from the sky;
And blessings and praises arose from his tongue,
And this was the theme of the hymn which he sung:

LXXIV.

“Thee, God of my fathers, I bless and I praise;
For holy and true are thy works and thy ways;
To mortals who love thee thou ever art near,
A refuge from danger, oppression and fear.

LXXV.

Ye stars of the Heavens, thou sweet, tranquil moon,
That shineth in glory at night's solemn noon;
Ye streamlets that murmur, ye breezes that blow,
Ye oceans that thunder, ye waters that flow,

LXXVI.

“Come, speak forth His goodness, His glory and praise,
While mortals on earth their responses shall raise,
And the angels their harps for the concert shall string,
And nature shall echo the song which they sing.

LXXVII.

And when the bright sun upon earth pours his beams,
Awaking to life both the woods and the streams,
Let the creatures of earth, and of sea, and of air,
In this mighty hymn to God’s praise take a share.”

LXXVIII.

And thus having sung the youth sank to the ground,
Where sweetest of sleep and refreshment he found;
For God shed the poppies of peace round his head,
And sent his bright angels to watch o’er his bed.

LXXIX.

And when with the dawning the merchants awoke,
And saw that the chain of their captive was broke;
And yet that he had not escaped; they admired,
And eagerly how it was done they enquired.

LXXX.

But Joseph said nothing—and what was more strange,
They saw in their captive a wonderful change;
They found him now happy, and buoyant, and gay,
And eager and willing to haste on his way.

LKXXI.

The camels are ready, the cavalcade starts,
Refreshed with repose, and rejoiced in their hearts ;
And onward toward Egypt their journey they steer,
And soon its rich borders begin to appear.

BOOK V.

I.

'Twas winter in Dothan when Joseph had left,
When earth was of trees and of herbage bereft;
And what was his wonder in Egypt to view
A scene all revived—one most lovely and new.

II.

Wide stretching before him, enameled and gay,
The earth, like a meadow, in flow'ry array,
Was spread with a carpet of velvet and green,
Where flowers of all colors and fragrance were seen;

III.

And herds and rich flocks browsed all over the plain,
And fields there were waving with flax and with grain,
Where blue-bells contrasted with ripe heads of gold,
Gave promise of wealth and were sweet to behold.

IV.

And orchards with all kinds of fruit trees were there,
Whose blossoms with fragrance o'erloaded the air;
While on the same branches ripe fruits might be found,
Or shading the earth in abundance all round.

V.

The trav'ler needs only his hand out to reach
For pomegranate, orange, for pear or for peach,
And freely partake of the blessings of heaven
To all who may choose thus spontaneously given.

VI.

And there were sweet cottages peering through these,
Half covered by vines, lovely flowers and green trees,
From which modest eyes for some friend would inquire,
But meeting the strangers', would quickly retire.

VII.

Thus onward they journeyed, delighted the while
With all they beheld till they came to the Nile,
That wonderful stream to whose bountiful flow
The Egyptians their wealth and their happiness owe.

VIII.

Far south in the Æthiop's land is its source,
From which, through the cataracts rushing with force,
It falls on the soil with a terrible roar,
Whence calmly it sweeps to the Mid sea's low shore.

IX.

When flooded by this in the spring of the year,
The country for months like a sea will appear,
Whose waters, retiring, deposit a slime,
Enriching the soil of that genial clime.

X.

Of this man takes note, and with labor and skill
Turns it to account and subdues to his will ;
And hence a fair paradise now we behold
Where lately the wave and the yellow sand rolled.

XI.

'Twas thus that his captors to Joseph replied,
As them with new queries he constantly plied,
As at each strange object intently he gazed,
Oft sorely perplexed and oft still more amazed.

XII.

But greater by far was his fear and his awe
When first the great tyrants of Nile's flood he saw :
The crocodile, cruel and thirsting for blood,
And the river-horse tumbling along on the flood.

XIII.

Strange fishes and serpents and reptiles abound ;
There lizards, ichneumons, chameleons are found ;
And there the papyrus and bulrush are seen,
And the lotus in richest luxuriance and sheen.

XIV.

And Joseph inquired both the name and the use
Of all that he saw, and would take no excuse,
Till he was informed about all that was known
Of these, and that knowledge he soon made his own ;

XV.

For great was the thirst for pure wisdom and truth
That had haunted his soul from his earliest youth ;
And all his spare moments were given to find
What best might exalt and enlighten the mind.

XVI.

And there were strange vessels of every size,
Which our hero regarded with wondering eyes ;
Some driven by rowers, and some by the gale,
As it caught and inflated the wide-spreading sail.

XVII.

And on their tall decks there were men of all climes,
Whose voices rose sweet as the vesper's soft chimes,
As in concert they sang while they bent to the oar,
Whence foam like the snow-wreath was dashed toward
the shore.

XVIII.

Some barks were with wheat and rich merchandise filled ;
From others the incense of flowers seemed distilled,
Where parties of pleasure, 'neath canopies bright,
With feasting and music were lulled in delight.

XIX.

As later the banks of the Cydnus were seen,
Which with wonder admired the Egyptian queen,
Whose barge, with bright jewels and gold all aflame,
Shed a halo of glory as onward it came.

XX.

And it bore on its poop, with a conscious joy,
The fairest of women since Helen of Troy,
Like Venus, arrayed with the emblems of love,
The Cupids, the Graces, the wings of the dove.

XXI.

The incense that rose from this beautiful shrine,
Spread far on the bank, and was hailed as divine;
And long ere her barge had reached Tarsus the cheer
Of the people was heard, crying, "Venus is near!"

XXII.

But who can describe, with the semblance of truth,
The wonder, the awe, and the joy of the youth,
When the towers of old Memphis arose on his sight,
And the pyramids towering like mountains in height?

XXIII.

The temples, the domes with the obelisks, spires,
That gleamed in the sun from afar, like to fires;
The cities and causeways raised high from the ground,
All, all, filled his soul with amazement profound!

XXIV.

And as they to Memphis drew near, it was noon,
When, hark to that sound! A most beautiful tune
Arose on the air, at first solemn and low,
Then swelling sublime, like the tide in its flow.

XXV.

It was not from mortals that sound filled the air,
Nor was it from bells set with sedulous care;
But, like the calliope's voice, it would linger
When touched by the spell of an eloquent finger.

XXVI.

And all its sweet cords seemed condensed into one,
And that one spoke out in articulate tone,
And it said, "Land of Egypt, give vent to your joy,
Your saviour approaches, in garb of a boy."

XXVII.

As when, long years after, with sorrow cast down,
A youth was prepared to abandon his town,
Its bells, lest the Fates in his case might be undone,
Chimed, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of
London!"

XXVIII.

So Joseph took heart from this omen, and said
To his captors, whose ears to its meaning were dead,
Whence comes that sweet music? His captors replied,
"It comes from those statues you see on each side.

XXIX.

Those statues are modeled and framed with such art,
That each in this concert of music takes part;
Each strikes its own note, keeping excellent time,
And the harmony hence that results is sublime.

XXX.

At morning, at noon, and at evening arise
Those strains from the earth to the vault of the skies,
Or softly or loud, as the quickening ray
Falls mildly or strong, through the course of the day."

XXXI.

And Joseph looked up and beheld with great wonder
Those giants whose voices were loud as the thunder;
And others he saw from whose exquisite throats
Poured torrents of birdlike and delicate notes.

XXXII.

Huge sphynxes and lions and tigers there roared,
While dolphins rich torrents of melody poured,
And mighty Leviathans spouting their spray,
Were answered by fountains that murmured in play.

XXXIII.

And all was adjusted with exquisite skill,
The soul with delight and with rapture to fill;
To render due thanks to the Giver of good,
And turn men's best thoughts to their King and their
God.

XXXIV.

Fatigued with their journey, with heat much oppressed,
The merchants and Joseph are craving for rest;
So having arrived at an inn they alight,
Take a bath, some refreshment, and sleep for the night.

XXXV.

But why speak of Joseph ? The Scriptures declare
His wisdom and goodness—you read of him there ;
How great was his power with God and with man,
In whom was foreshadowed redemption's great plan.

XXXVI.

Remember, oh sinner, probation will end ;
To show His power in thee Christ soon will attend ;
He'll decide it at once, how solemn that day,
When the power of God will make a display !

XXXVII.

He has borne long with thee, thou vessel of wrath,
Fitted for destruction the mold you have cast ;
And are you now ready ? How boisterous each wave !
Say, are you now ready, the storm can you brave ?

XXXVIII.

You make God's extremity, you will not submit ;
The bounds of your being he strikes and will hit.
He raises the weapon, then suspends the blow,
Then urges submission ; you answer him, " No !"

XXXIX.

Self-will, O thou monster, a raid against God ;
Take care, for He governs, perhaps with a rod ;
And your selfish doings will then prove a curse,
And all of your greatness but of little worth.

XL.

Those smiles on thy features, that flattering voice,
Such willful deception embodies a choice,
Which, unless averted by the empire of will,
Will depopulate earth, and hell it will fill.

XLI.

Why exalt now thyself in empire of state?
For thou art but little, whilst God He is great.
In self-exaltation thou hast lost thy sight;
For whilst thou art finite, God is Infinite.

XLII.

Infinite and Finite are two 'vast extremes,
The highest and glorious, then low and quite mean;
Whilst Infinite is soaring, and touches a strain,
An expanse in glory as endless in range.

XLIII.

Finite has boundary; 'tis a narrow stream,
Or lake in Death's regions, so few are its means;
I speak now of being that touches our race;
Man He is found finite, let him take his place.

XLIV.

All intellect is finite that is not divine;
Thus a deep rolls between an impassable line:
And all Man's great knowledge is that which is given;
'Tis the streams that are running from God and from
Heaven.

LXV.

Let our thoughts then explore, let us think of His name ;
Here I will use seven to present His claim ;
That throughout the whole earth His name be declared,
That heaven's vast fulness by man may be heard.

XLVI.

A check to our thoughts, then ; come, pause and reflect,
For man at his best state is naught but a wreck ;
Let us think now of God ! say, what is His name ?
He is the principle, and we but a frame.

XLVII.

Framed by a designer, the trace of his thoughts ;
His work, His creation, for man He has wrought ;
The neatest of tinsels man's beauty and dress,
Of arts and of science the finest and best.

XLVIII.

But say, what is God's name, declared throughout earth ?
Where now is there a rule that gives it its worth ?
Say is it in wisdom ? Let creation say ;
Yet Nature unfolding, is but a faint ray.

XLIX.

But what of redemption ? How wise is the plan !
How extant in wisdom, glorious and grand !
'Tis wisdom unfolding amidst grief and pain ,
'Tis wisdom in value, as high as its claim.

I.

And here, too, is Mercy, in the fount of God,
That rolls in redemption, an undarting flood;
That mingles with wisdom, they both here unite
In the name of our God, how clear and how bright!

LI.

Yes, Wisdom and Mercy with Love here combine;
They draw to the centre, and then strike a line.
God's Love is the circle, it registers His name,
Whilst Goodwill uniting, which brightens the flame.

LII.

Those four are united, God's goodness to show,
Providence unfolding declares it is so;
He arranges our natures, which says he is good;
And these adaptations are well understood.

LIII.

Then Justice stepped forward, and spoke to the rest;
They with perfect freedom then heard his address:
"I freely consent now, and speak out of choice,
But the law must be answered, or know no sounding
voice.

LIV.

But here on conditions I freely submit,
If the law can be answered with a prerequisite,
I will give up my claims and wait for a while,
And as He announced it, I believe Mercy smiled.

LV.

Then Holiness declared, to cleanse from all sin,
That the Lamb must be slain and his blood brought in;
On God's golden altar his blood must apply,
Or God's voice I restrain, and lo! man must die!"

LVI.

Justice then said again: "I ask one thing more;
If this can be granted, I'll then leave the floor:
A probationary state for man, give him choice,
At the ending of which he must come at my voice.

LVII.

Then called, he must answer for his freedom here;
Before a tribunal he then shall appear;
For to answer with all for thought, word and deed,
If by strict obedience he shall then be freed.

LVIII.

But if after all this, the sound of thy name,
If man then refuses, he shall bear the blame;
Given are then to me, signed to an estate,
Where in Divine Justice he shall meet his fate.

LIX.

All this, then, was granted, and signed in God's name;
An angel then swiftly through heaven proclaim
The everlasting gospel as swift as he flew,
Then Almighty power the scene did review.

LX.

Here let all intellect and nature proclaim
Attribute, Almighty is the power of God's name;
Thus almighty power continued its sway,
And to man was given a probation day.

LXI.

Engraven my thoughts here whilst this I explore,
For this is the engine that drives all before;
And what if he is waiting, his chariot will roll,
And now are you ready? Reflect, O my soul!

LXII.

Seven were the attributes of which I have said;
And just seven were the horns upon the Lamb's head;
And just seven were the eyes that looked from on high;
And seven were the spirits that through earth did fly.

LXIII.

And just seven were the lamps set before God's throne,
And a brighter display was ne'er before known;
In a mediator's hands this, then, was ordained:
I in no other way His name dare explain.

LXIV.

God's spirit was present to view the whole scene;
He in His affections toward man seemed to lean;
And He said He would go and visit earth's land,
To aid and help Mercy to recover man.

LXV.

But before He started He thought to explain ;
He looked over heaven, He saw its vast train ;
He saw that the angels around him were bending,
A viewing those sceneries to them most transcending.

LXVI.

He indited a matter that others might see,
Saying, " A body on earth thou hast prepared me ;"
Then stepped on God's altar, from thence He did fly,
And came to that region where Jesus must die.

LXVII.

And just as He started emotion of mind
Gave utterance to thought, God surely is kind ;
For He so loved the world—and here is the plan—
That He gives His own Son to die now for man.

LXVIII.

On Calvary's summit His station at first,
'Twas there that He hoisted His colors on earth ;
He then hallowed that ground in memory sweet ;
The world there and Jesus in time were to meet.

LXIX.

Then Love, crowned with glory, reflected great light ;
I love those that love me, and in them delight ;
And now I am ready, in man's own defence,
To lend all my influence at God's own expense.

LXX.

For I am determined, as God has now planned,
To invest man's recovery in Mercy's own hand ;
And every adjustment must there meet its claim,
On Mercy's own platform, in God's mighty name.

LXXI.

For man's noble powers, which once shone so bright,
Are raving in exile, in nature's dark night.
And some hand must lead here, and point to the door,
That opens in prospect to heaven's bright shore.

LXXII.

I know man was reckless, untrue to his trust ;
His failure but argues we can and we must ;
For man he is helpless on life's broken deck,
Just on fate's rocky shore was that vessel wrecked.

LXXIII.

Then wisdom stepped forward and proffered his hand,
Saying, " Is not God wise and skillful to plan ?
Just view now creation, in that mirror look,
View what vast wisdom crowns creation's book."

LXXIV.

And judge without wisdom, who dare but suggest,
Or tell without wisdom, or plan for the best ;
I'll cite you to goodness, in proof what he'll say,
weight of his argument can but crown the day.

LXXV.

Then Goodness presented vast ages in view,
Read now from creation its whole pages through ;
The natural productions since man first began,
Evinces what bounties vast goodness has won.

LXXVI.

Respecting the future God has His own plan ;
His wisdom and goodness must forever stand ;
For out of God's storehouse man's wants are supplied ;
This vast boundless ocean its unwasting tide.

LXXVII.

And in man's redemption God's goodness soars high,
It covers all future man's wants to supply ;
'Tis from life's pure fountain that never can waste,
On God's boundless goodness forever 'tis based.

LXXVIII.

Then Holiness declared, " In heaven I range,
There all things are holy and pure without change ;
There is no admission to this holy place,
Without holy washing and renewed grace.

LXXIX.

There's vast holy garments I hold in my trust,
To debar man's entrance to heaven I must ;
Unless man is holy he never can share,
Nor heaven's gates enter, nor holy robes wear."

LXXX.

Just here I saw mercy with tears in her eyes,
She said, "Man's condition I will not disguise;
Our plans are sufficient omnipotence must reign,
Cost what it may cost man must be regained.

LXXXI.

The price now is ready, I offer it here."
Just then I saw union in strong bonds appear;
Wisdom and holiness, and goodness combine,
With justice and mercy in one grand design.

LXXXII.

'Twas then I saw kindness in its noblest form,
The Son of God willing to brave every storm;
Our Jesus, our captain, he hears the great name
Immanuel; God with us, forever the same.

BOOK VI.

I.

Wonderful conception as ever was known !
Yet just as pure blossom as ever has blown ;
A law which was given, pure, holy and wise,
The laws prerequisite—the great sacrifice.

II.

Veiled in humanity, as curtained around,
The true ark and testimony on earth now is found ;
He the great antitype, the sacred high priest,
In his great offering all others must cease.

III.

“ I came as 'tis written, the promise to seal,
The law's dreadful sentence and works to repeal ;
I now freely offer man's burdens to bear,
That he, rich in glory, a heaven might share.

IV.

The prophets assign him a place now on earth,
'Tis Bethlehem Judah, the place of his birth ;
The city of David, they were his own kin,
The Jews were the people thus favored by him.

V.

And what of that people, say are they God's host?
In view of their doings the devil might boast;
Such was their allegiance to Satan and sin,
'Twas their cry and purpose to crucify him.

VI.

Thus he lays down his life, he then paid the debt,
And the claims of the law were then simply met;
And this ordination from God he received,
Henceforth and forever man's rights are retrieved.

VII.

Thus he stretched on the cross by mortals is seen,
The son of God suffering in agony keen;
Whilst angels are viewing, on mercy's own plan,
An offering by God—the lamb slain for man.

VIII.

His head then reclining it sank on his breast,
He ceased from his struggling as if there at rest;
A soldier approaching, seemed unsatisfied,
Till he had plunged his spear into Jesus' side.

IX.

Then Calvary's summit with his blood was stained,
The garden had witnessed the weight of his pain;
The sun then was darkened, refusing its light,
Just as the temple's vail was rent by his might.

X.

The law now is answered, it suffers no loss
In this glorious victim that hangs on the cross ;
A fountain is opened, it rolls from his side,
An ocean of mercy, 'tis love's rolling tide.

XI.

Then I heard justice saying, " I give up my claim,
For mercy must govern, 'tis her glorious reign ;
In Adam's transgression the law has no strength,
For Jesus has suffered its breadth and its length.

XII.

And I freely consent in God's mighty name,
For time must roll onward in mercy's broad claim ;
Yes, I freely consent to wait for awhile
For this dying scenery is free from all guile.

XIII.

This is no deception his sufferings were pure,
Man's probationary state on this is secure ;
Mercy has interposed or all had been o'er,
For time would have failed man on this dying shore.

XIV.

In all of man's doings let mercy predict,
For this balm it can cure the heart that is sick ;
Now all lights and shadows are here set aside,
In Israel's vast labors since Jesus has died.

XV.

The virtue of his death this incense must rise,
It mingles with prayers and mounts to the skies ;
On God's golden altar as John did declare,
From the hand of that angel that ministered there.

XVI.

As the smoke that was seen in its rich perfume,
From those gold censors in their priestly bloom ;
Thus, in Jesus dying, a virtue is gained,
Much more transcendent in God's mighty name.

XVII.

The angel his censer then with fire did fill,
To serve a bright purpose then known as God's will ;
And then with a motion he cast it on earth,
Voices loud as thunder then rolled into birth.

XVIII.

All heaven resounded as each touched his lyre,
In high exclamations : the world is on fire ;
The flames are now kindling that's destined to roll,
The effects of a nation we longed to behold.

XIX.

'Twas a joyful moment when justice drew nigh,
As righteousness and truth were then standing by ;
All heaven united in one kind embrace,
As voices reechoed with smiles on each face.

XX.

Love then rose in triumph with exulting voice,
He then called upon all again to rejoice ;
'Twas like mighty waters or thunder it rolled,
It centred in mercy and swept to the poles.

XXI.

Emotion vibrating in rapturous tones
Then rolled back and centered to God on the throne ;
A recess unfolding in that joyful hour,
A mysterious motion was wrought by God's power.

XXII.

Inditing for mercy a triumphant sway,
'Twas a notion in God that will not delay ;
A voice quick commanding an angel that went
With electric motion to earth he was sent.

XXIII.

His appearance like lightning, a glory that shone,
Annexed to in splendor that burns round the throne ;
The keepers then trembled, became as dead men,
This brightness and glory so far earth transcend.

XXIV.

He seized hold of the stone, the sepulchre bar,
As He then rolled it back, the whole earth did jar ;
'Twas a solemn moment, the earth it did quake
At the sound of His voice that bid Christ awake.

XXV.

All heaven stood gazing, prospectors advance
To view this vast scenery all eyes quickly glanced ;
God's power quick in motion rolled life for to sway
'Twas a hallowed motion that no one could stay.

XXVI.

I saw then death trembling she could not withstand,
Her bars then were broken at God's great command ;
Imprest with her nature to dust so allied,
She sought for a moment somewhere for to hide.

XXVII.

My house is infested, I'm robbed of my prey,
O, mighty conqueror, permit me to say,
Thou acknowledged Lord, thy reign it is just,
Principalities must fall now and sink in the dust."

XXVIII.

Yes, death, thou art conquered ; thy house I will spoil,
Though thou art permitted to tarry awhile ;
Thou shalt be a servant and come at my call,
And when, at my bidding, vast nature shall spoil.

XXIX.

I saw here that Jesus his conquest began,
As death He commanded : " Go just where and when,
Go trouble the wicked, deal kind with the just,
Fulfill my decrees when I say ' dust to dust.' "

XXX.

Death stood for a moment, then gave up his keys,
Said, "My acknowledged Lord, do just as you please,
I own, by submitting, the conquest you've gained,
Reign, mighty conqueror, forever now reign."

XXXI.

As death stood submissive, I heard angels sing,
"Grave, where's thy victory, death, where's thy sting?
The sting of death is sin, strength of sin is law,
But God gives the victory," is just what I saw.

XXXII.

Yet man, he finds the grave, it may be with dread,
Though Jesus has lain there and softened its bed;
He has answered the law, has paid the whole debt;
He has died now for man, man should not forget.

XXXIII.

Yes, the grave He perfumed—there nature must rest,
But with his dying Lord man surely is blest;
In this peaceful chamber man's body must sleep,
And 'tis this sacred charge Christ himself will keep

XXXIV.

Until storm after storm in these lower skies,
Then the trumpet shall sound and bid man arise—
Shall count man's wasted dust, and bring man to life,
Free then from death's chains and man's dying strife.

XXXV.

Before man had fallen his body was pure,
His soul it was healthy, he needed no cure ;
But 'tis now dust to dust, man's body here lies ;
By change and refinement man soars to the skies.

XXXVI.

But whilst I was musing two angels descend—
This triumphant scenery there presence they lend ;
In heavenly attire they enter the tomb,
For Jesus had left there a holy perfume.

XXXVII.

Whilst Mary's approaching the tomb of her Lord,
They say, "He is risen, remember his word.
The grave could not hold him, behold He is gone !"
This quickly evinces to Mary a wrong.

XXXVIII.

And here is a mixture—in short, unbelief ;
Then she quickly turned round, her heart filled with
grief,
For her hopes they were gone—she let fall a tear ;
How pure her affections for Christ does appear !

XXXIX.

But quickly beholding one just by her side :
"Perhaps he's the gard'ner," her thoughts then replied.
She accosted the man : "Oh, tell me, I pray,
Where thou hast borne him ? I'll take him away !"

XL.

At this very moment a sound touched her ear;
A sudden emotion did Mary's heart cheer.
'Twas with joy and wonder she stood now amazed,
Her Lord now beholding with a piercing gaze.

XLI.

Oh, yes! it was Jesus! her heart's great delight;
Tho' she then thought him dead, he's alive in her sight.
He calls her then, "Mary!" how soothing this balm!
How could any other voice produce such a charm?

XLII.

Go tell my disciples that I am alive,
That their drooping spirits may quickly revive;
Go tell them I'm going to heaven above,
To my God and their God, the Father of love.

XLIII.

So, Mary, don't touch me, I hasten away;
This errand of mercy I cannot delay:
It is this glorious day that thousands will hail;
For them, yes, in person, I enter the vail.

XLIV.

But not without blood, as man's great High Priest,
An offering to God for man's full release;
For to cancel the sum and get it receipted
In full, for this offering now is completed."

XLV.

Then two of our party to Emaus went,
Whilst talking together of this strange event,
When a stranger came up, accostingly glad :
“What’s your communication? You seem very sad.”

XLVI.

“Art thou but a stranger?” Cleophas replied,
And knowest not one Jesus the Jews crucified?
This Jesus, a prophet, was mighty in deed;
We had trusted this Jesus would have Israel freed.

XLVII.

And we are most certain that our hopes are lost,
For just three days ago He hung on the Cross;
Yet, early this morning some of our friends affirmed
That from death to life this man had returned!

XLVIII.

We all were astonished! to the tomb went a few:
It seemed rather doubtful, though it still may be true;
Of him they saw nothing, yet true it may be,
One Mary affirmed it that him she did see.”

XLIX.

“Oh, how slow to believe!” this stranger then said;
“Ought not Christ to suffer and rise from the dead?”
Beginning at Moses, then the prophets through,
He expounded to them, and brought to their view.

L.

By unfolding God's word He told them 'twas best
That Jesus should suffer and enter his rest ;
That a very great work our God has here done ;
That a conquest was gained in the death of his Son.

LI.

"Come, stranger—come, enter and tarry to-night ;
Your presence would certainly give us delight."
When in breaking of bread as usual that night,
They knew him !—he vanished, and went out of sight.

LII.

We both stood amazed as each one beheld !
Now this glorious event let us hasten and tell :
His words were with power that made our hearts burn ;
How can we here tarry ? Now let us return."

LIII.

They found the disciples assembled within,
A-telling and listening to what then had been ;
And as they presented this truth on the list,
It was Jesus himself that stood in their midst !

LIV.

Now their thoughts were at first, "A spirit, no doubt !"
By his affirmation their thoughts turned about :
"Come and feel of my hands, and then view my side ;
Now you see these my wounds are all open wide."

LV.

They soon gather round him, convinced it was He,
No claims to another what others might be ;
For they all knew their Lord, their hopes quick revive,
They join in the triumph that He is alive.

LVI.

This truth, like a river, is destined to flow
Just as fast as the truth could possibly go ;
Those soldiers that watch him this truth did disclose
On that sacred morning that our Lord arose.

LVII.

To many an applicant vast cures He had done ;
By manifest goodness their affections He won.
In His administrations how many were blest,
That rejoiced in his life, but not in his death !

LVIII.

This joy was a-beaming in many a face,
Whilst others incensed were villainous base ;
Yet a manifest triumph dispersing the gloom,
In view of Christ rising from the silent tomb.

LIX.

Many had been with him, and some of his choice
Had shouted hosannas with exulting voice,
When scattering bushes along the pathway,
That joyous transaction to this but a spray.

LX.

Here men were enveloped in a bright ray of light,
That never had bursted before on their sight ;
Rapturous emotion vibrating around,
Joyous in accordance with heaven's sweet sound.

LXI.

How triumphant those joys that began to sway earth
At the resurrection morn, the new era's birth !
All strings were in motion, but discordant here,
Whilst some were rejoicing, some doubting with fear.

LXII.

And in fact we are told the work was so great
That some dead then arose to give the sound weight ;
To some in the city those alive did appear,
To render the evidence more forcibly clear.

LXIII.

Now the world is on fire with this strange event,
And many were running as if they were sent
For to increase the flame, a zeal then at hand,
And to scatter this fire far, far o'er the land.

LXIV.

This fire is increasing, as many do record
In writing the doings of their glorious Lord ;
Five hundred once gazing in time had a view,
And vast others will gaze eternity through.

LXV.

Many millions have gazed, but not by the eye,
For faith's powerful sight our Lord doth espy.
Our Lord has said "Blessed are those that believe,
Who never have seen me, and yet do perceive."*

LXVI.

What a glorious era! Oh, how transcendent!
'Tis the index of love! Oh, how resplendent!
Angels are attendant on this heavenly scene;
God here gives assurance. Man, what does it mean?

LXVII.

Now in time what a gift? 'Tis Heaven's rich boon;
An unearthly blossom has burst from the tomb!
Never more will it fade or die thence again
Whilst Heaven's high powers can being maintain.

LXVIII.

Vast glory and triumph reflect on this day,
Now the dark seal of Death is borne far away;
This triumphant victor has dispersed that gloom,
That darkness that mantled and shrouded the tomb.

LXIX.

And each glorious victor must enter the grave:
'Tis the by-road to heaven to those that are saved;
And Jesus, our Captain, has passed on in view,
And signed is the conquest to his humble few.

* John xx : 22.

LXX.

We cast off our burdens, these bodies of clay;
We shall rest in the grave and wait for the day
When Jesus shall summons and bid us arise,
To follow his footsteps from earth to the skies.

LXXI.

Man, settle the question and cease *now* from your strife;
In the scale and the balance is an endless life.
The vast scenes of nature produce little joy;
To serve Christ—such labor outweighs Time's employ.

LXXII.

Give your thoughts, vain mortals! reflect on the scene!
Thirty years of travail our Days-man stood between,
Besides prophetic toil in Levi's priestly reign,
Those agonizing victims from which vast blood was
drained.

LXXIII.

This laborious scenery reflects a pleasing thought:
In this painful struggle redemption was bought;
The seal it is given, this truth must abide,
For Christ's wounds were opened—life rolled from his
side!

LXXVI.

Thus the conquest was gained, the victory won—
The preëmanence given to God's only Son;
And here He assumes now the right of his birth—
The White Horse and Rider, one which I saw first.

BOOK VII.

I.

From conquering to conquer we see Christ repair,
To meet that prince demon, the power of the air;
Who some time, though prior to this great event,
To accuse the brethren to heaven he went.*

II.

Salvation invested in Abraham's seed
He knew for a certain this God had decreed.
We see him approaching very near God's seat,
In order, if possible, God's decree to defeat.

III.

Now Israel were deserving—their crimes they were
And this is the story to God he relates : [great ;
He moves God to strike here this most fatal blow,
To defeat then at once Christ's errand below.

IV.

He viewed to God's promise respecting man's heel ;
He dreaded that Conqueror should enter the field,
For his head might be bruised if this should prove true,
And this glorious promise he thought to undo.

* Revelation xii : 10.

V.

He urges the promises due to Israel's crimes—
His object and aims were, destroy God's designs;
But here is assurance—God's word it is true,
And what God hath promised he surely will do.

VI.

Then Jesus must be born, achieve in his life,
And in proof of the law must settle the strife;
Demon this glorious work here could not defeat,
And he then thought it best to make his retreat.

VII.

For God's sacred orders he could not withstand,
Which were then executed at God's great command.
The accuser of our brethren to God day and night
O'er the battlements of heav'n must down take his flight.*

VIII.

He, possessing great wrath in this his defeat,
Quickly downward to earth he makes his retreat;
And as he drew nearer to earth's battle ground,
A summoning voice most distinctly did sound.

IX.

"Woe, woe to earth's region!" I heard one exclaim,
"For Demon's great vengeance will belch forth in flame."
This no sooner uttered than Demon was there,
As the great mighty prince and power of the air.

* Revelation, xii : 8.

X.

He stopped for a moment to think what was best ;
His mind was embarrassed with a hellish test ;
Yet he hoped to defeat God's gracious designs—
He sought for and found then a plan to his mind.

XI.

“ I'll call upon Herod, he is Israel's King,
And I'll tickle his ears with news which I bring ;
I think he is wise enough at the sound of my horn
To inquire of his subjects where Christ should be born.

XII.

His power official I then will insure,
And his future kingdom to them will secure !”
Thus Herod determined to strengthen his chain.
Will the robe of this Child with blood quickly stain ?

XIII.

God said in a vision to Joseph by night,
“ Go down into Egypt—quick ! hasten your flight,
For Herod is plotting designedly deep,
With wailing and mourning o'er Rama to sweep !” *

XIV.

These wild speculations abound in the land.
How clear to be seen here is the Serpent's fang !
There's a heavenly blossom unfolding just by,
And satanic power has doomed it to die.

* Matthew, ii : 16, 17, 18.

XV.

But God, in great mercy, those waves did control,
Although those vast waters began for to roll;
His power unbounded gives bounds to the deep,
And those rolling billows can no further sweep.*

XVI.

Sees earth's vast machinery, manages the whole,
And all of Time's changes His providence controls;
The same mighty being that metes man his portion,
Has marked out a channel for Time's sweeping ocean.

XVII.

The seed of the woman, 'tis written, shall bruise;†
To secure his dominion he's no time to lose;
To assault the woman his malice would suit,
For he still had a dread of the power of her fruit.

XVIII.

He exclaimed here, "This woman I now will attack,"
And he makes no delay, intent on that act;
And as he drew near her, how great his surprise,
When this woman took wings and began for to rise.

XIX.

Incensed at this movement, no tears in his eyes,
From his mouth flood descended, as the oceans rise;
For he thought here at once, this woman I'll drown;
Earth opened her mouth and drank it all down.‡

*Job, xxxviii : 11 † Revelation, xii : 1—17. ‡ Genesis, ii : 15.

XX.

At this disappointment he makes no delay,
But spreads his dark colors and hastens away,
With a vowed intention to war with her seed,
Who from sin and bondage by Christ has been freed.

XXI.

This woman represented is, no doubt, the Church ;
You in proof of this fact the Bible will search ;
She is earth's great wonder, now clothed with the sun,*
This beautiful figure is a heavenly one.

XXII.

She is crowned with twelve stars, the moon at her feet ;
There were twelve apostles with Christ took their seat,
With child now in prospect this hight his sway,
Vast powers contending which hold things at bay.

XXIII.

In proof of those powers opposing the good,
They belong to old Demon 'tis well understood ;
In view of distinction, in proof of his reign,
A will now in purpose he surely maintains.

XXIV.

It is thought here by some that Demon at first
Was an angel of light ; that this he reversed
By some casual act his will did concern,
That he then left his seat and fell from his firm.

* Revelation, xii : 1.

XXV.

But be this as it may, a power does oppose,
 And 'tis somewhere in proof, no doubt first it rose,
 Or forever existed as a mighty foe,
 'Tis a thought to be sure, you can't prove it so.

XXVI.

In the mind's taxation shall reason adduce?
 Or shall reason act here in the scale of truth?
 God could not make a devil; this wisdom disputes,
 Contrary at once with His attributes.

XXVII.

Is the devil self-willed? * does he act in that sphere? †
 To all tempted beings 'tis a fact very clear;
 Then build on desire, as Adam and Eve,
 Then self-tempted, self-willed, an angel deceived.

XXVIII.

Were angelic beings on trial as we,
 Fair reasoning would decide such a state there might be. ‡
 This gives us materials, and that of one grade,
 'Tis easy to suppose, then, a devil self-made. ||

XXIX.

Corroborating testimony, Michael fought in defence,
 The dragon, the devil, was cast out from thence;
 Those stars that were brilliant in high state of birth,
 The tale of the dragon did cast them to earth.

* Luke, iv: 6. † Job, ii: 1—8. ‡ Rev. xxii: 9. || 2 Peter, ii: 4.

XXX.

The serpent in Eden was his subtle name,
The dragon in Heaven, the devil, the same ;
The great stern opposer of all that is good,
In Heaven, Earth, or Hell, 'tis well understood.

XXXI.

Mysterious those views are encircled in thought,
To cherish Bible truths is just what we ought ;
In this mighty struggle a victory was won,
For this child, no doubt here, is God's only son.

XXXII.

This satanic power the serpent of old,
Now he was defeated, grew wonderful bold ;
He called to his fellows, his angels, no doubt,
When he fell from heaven they, too, were cast out.

XXXIII.

"My good fellows," he said, "come gather around,
Come, muster all your thoughts, our hopes here go down
Unless some bold effort, we must not delay,
In proof of our power ; friends, what do you say ?"

XXXIV.

At this very moment they came at his call :
"What are your opinions I'll hear from you all.
Yes, a council here, sirs, is what I request.
Come, present now your thoughts ; I ask for a test."

XXXV.

Much here then was offered, yet of little weight ;
When at last one arose that stood high in state :
“ Friends and nobles and peers, and you, mighty lord,
How great our misfortune that fate doth record !

XXXVI.

My hopes are quite groundless, for much time is spent ;
Yet for to lay dormant I cannot consent ;
And here are my views now—I'll offer a plan,
And for your inspection it is just at hand.

XXXVII.

Christ, that bold intruder, that now marks our fall,
Is Prophet, King, Leader, and will govern all,
In spite of our doings ; unless we can vie
With this bold intruder, our cause here must die.

XXXVIII.

I say now to cope here, in proof of our wit
To govern the people, some man we must get ;
He must be a prophet, if ever we reign,
To sway now the people—the conquest to gain.

XXXIX.

For the people now are in a reciprocal state,
And I can now but think they'll take at this bait ;
For in truth, noble peers, no doubt in my mind
That if we work cautious an agent we'll find.

XL.

For man's fond of glory, and this we'll suggest,
In proof of old Eden is what suits me best.
Now these are my views, sirs : deceive, if we can,
And if here's failure there's no other plan.

XLI.

At least, please your lordship, I know of no other,
And this to achieve it I hail you as brother ;
And now, in conclusion, be this as it may,
I will leave to my lords what is the best way."

XLII.

Then Beelzebub arose, the chief in estate,
Saying, "This plan to me appears very great,
And now let us test it ; it is my design,
All hail now, good fellows, an agent to find."

XLIII.

Now this is a view here, in infantile state,
Disclosed once in heaven as John does relate :
The red horse and rider, in battle array,*
Must follow the white horse in point of display.

XLIV.

Quick here in succession, no doubt, here is meant,
The doctrine of Mecca which now does foment ;
Changed in appearance to that now of Christ's,
The Prophet Mahomet does his colors hoist.

* Revelation, vi : 4.

XLV.

The martial apostle does quickly awake,
And calls on his fellows her sword for to take :
The Koran suggesting the sword is the key ;
It unlocks now heaven and hell's mystery.

XLVI.

In this we see Demon fomenting a plan ;
He has here forged a scheme that darkens the land.
From the bottomless pit a smoke does arise ;*
The malice of Demon flows out in disguise.

XLVII.

'Tis a locust warmed band—their wings sound aloud—
Apollyon his forces the gathering erowd !
Far, far o'er the nations this doctrine must vie ;
Its shadow veils the sun and darkens the sky.

XLVIII.

Come, now view the struggle in Mahomet's reign :
"To war is most righteous !" we hear him exclaim ;
"For Moses and Jesus persuasion did use ;
God commands now the sword—you cannot refuse !"

XLIX.

This is the false prophet, the Koran's display !
"Just one drop of blood shed," we hear him now say,
"Worth more than three weeks spent in fasting and
prayer—
Just one night spent in arms !" we hear him declare.

* Revelation, iii : 2.

L.

“Your wounds they are precious, admitting a plea—
Prevailing in heaven, in mercy to thee;
Are as odorous as musk in Heaven’s delights,
And much more resplendent to Vermilion’s hights.

LI.

And if in the struggle you should lose your limbs,
Fear not then your losses, if a better ’twill bring;
For a cherubim’s wing, a seraphim’s hight—
These shall be given you to please and delight..

LII.

If you fall in battle your sins are forgiven,
And spirits appearing will hail you in heaven;
And then in the judgment God you will acquit;
Not one sin against you that he will admit!”

LIII.

Thus much for the Koran—not Jesus’s word!
Christ he forbade the sword to Peter, you’ve heard.
Christ says of his chosen, “Peace to you, I say;”
But says of Mahomet, “He takes it away.”*

* Revelation, vi : 4.

BOOK VIII.

I.

What, must sacred peace retire, that heaven-born guest,
The divine comforter,* remove from man's breast?
Must that heavenly dove now ascend again?
Yes, war to earth's regions in Mahomet's reign. †

II.

Or must this peace retire to yonder and vast wilds,
To reign with the woman where providence smiles?
For those heaven favored He loves to be theirs,
And Christ's own followers this great blessing heirs.

III.

His pentecostecal reign was powerful and great, ‡
He claims now his empire in Christ's own estate;
He knows not another, though lords of renown
May claim they are building upon holy ground. ||

IV.

The way Jesus conquers is quite the reverse;
Mahometan weapons are a woeful curse!
God's own lovely spirit, the sword, is his word, §
When rightly 'tis applied, when truly 'tis heard.

* John, xvi : 26. † Revelation, viii : 13. ‡ Acts, ii : 2, 3, 4, 41.
|| 1 Corinthians, viii : 5. § Ephesians, vi : 17.

V.

Dividing asunder, it carves to the joint,
Will pierce to the marrow, for sharp is its point.*
In this mighty conquest the sinner is gained,
And when Christ's blood applied leaves no bloody stain.

VI.

Thus the sinner is gained without taking life,
And the conquest is won, so dies mortal strife;
Yes, Peter, that weapon to us gives the lie,
That sword of destruction you'd better lay by. †

VII.

The winds they may pass us whenever they blow,
But from whence they are coming, and whither they go,
Philosophied reason to solve may declare,
But after all reasoning a mystery is there.

VIII.

It is so with the soul in Jesus's reign,
This change of the spirit when thus born again, ‡
For the entered new birth the effects realize,
Spirit's pathway unknown meets man with surprise.

IX.

It is thought here by some, when Satan beheld
The effects of the Spirit, which no tongue can tell,
That he tried, but could not, his work counterfeit,
It excelled all his means, and outdone his wit.

* Hebrews, iv : 12. † Matthew, xxvi : 52. ‡ John, iii : 8.

X.

Be this as it may be, he never can vie
With the Almighty God that reigns in the sky ;
The intoxicating drink indeed has a show,
But this man it will sink, the effects is a woe.

XI.

But life superseded to everything else,
Man's interest and joy, man's glory and wealth ;
Why, then, procrastinate ?* Come seek^u till you find,
Come and purchase this field, a store for the mind.

XII.

Within Love's inclosure man's mind here may dwell,
Happiness increasing which no tongue can tell ;
This peaceful possession is where Jesus reigns,
And here condemnation, 'tis said, has no claims. †

XIII.

'Tis the Spirit's abode, where all is just right,
Beyond man's conception a field of delight ; ‡
'Tis a being full of mercy, that's free from all cost,
Within sin's dominion man's freedom is lost.

XIV.

Now Charity reigns there, and Man she controls,
She banishes avarice, and reigns in the soul ; ||
This field now inherit, reside there and live,
God's free bounties given may prompt you to give.

* Isaiah, lv : 7. † Rom. viii : 1. ‡ 1 Cor. ii : 9, 10. || 1 Pet. iv : 8.

XV.

Here knowledge is growing, a plant from above,
A growth in the spirit, a fullness of love ;
'Tis the fruit from life's tree, that's healthy and fair,
And the waters of life abundant are there.

XVI.

It is a spacious field, 'tis large and extant,
And every delight there that heaven can grant
Within earth's dominion ; 'tis just by the way,
It borders that region where reigns endless day.

XVII.

Here the path of the just through this field doth lay,
Shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day ;*
In this righteous highway no lion now lays,
Nor on it vulture eye has yet never gazed. †

XVIII.

No earthly ambition can enter this field,
Pure and holy delights forever it yields ;
And no carnal weapons are found in this place,
The weapons of warfare, the spirit of grace.

XIX.

Satan has thought to destroy this Eden of rest,
But this heavenly field he could not possess,
Though oft in his ragings has gathered around,
The walls of salvation secure that ground. ‡

* Proverbs, iv : 18. † Job, xxviii : 7, 8. ‡ Isaiah, xxvi : 1—4. ' 1

XX.

The seed of the woman inherit this field,
A glorious possession, vast increase it yields
Here blooms life's fair tree, beautiful and fair;
In this rich dominion the whole world may share.

XXI.

There is no distinction to color here known,
Neither sect here, by Him that sits on the throne,
For the rich and the poor, the black and the white,
For all of God's children are equal alike.*

XXII.

Within this inclosure a treasure doth lay;
Satan cannot there enter to take it away.
Now this field is the mind, and that, too, of Christ;
Here love spreads His banner to an endless hight.

XXIII.

For the world in this field there is room enough,
And yet there is no room for any foul stuff;
For these, they are growing in nature's vast field—
Surely these are the plants that that soil doth yield.

XXIV.

Christ once spoke of a field which cannot be missed,
That one of wheat and tares, some far off from his,
In that Satan's working—'tis as large as the world:
'Tis in that he sows tares and seeds that are foul.†

* Acts, x : 34, 35.

† Matthew, xiii : 25.

XXV.

In that I saw falsehood to ambition's hight—
The work of Mahomet becomes a delight;
With his crimson color he marched through the land,
A hostile possession, with drawn sword in hand.

XXVI.

But just at this moment I heard a voice call,
"Hurt only those regions whereon error falls.
Go now to those beings who in nature's field,
Marked in their forwards to them sword yield."*

XXVII.

Before this announcement Satan thought to go thence;
To subscribe his limits it gave great offence,
For he hoped to enslave the whole race of man,
And in earth's whole region to take the command.

XXVIII.

And this, too, at an hour when the Woman had flown,
And to war with his seed in regions unknown;
Thus throughout the whole world to set up his claim—
A hostile dominion to Jesus's reign.

XXIX.

But this great commandment gave bounds to his sway,
And his demon forces to rise here must stay!
"These are thy boundaries," as said to the deep;
"'Tis a mark thy proud waves cannot overleap."

* Revelation, ix : 4.

XXX.

Yet such were the changes of present events,
When bold superstition their energies lent.
God here marks a channel in which it must run;
'Tis the rest of the world He gives to his Son.

XXXI.

Thus this great cloud of smoke in God's Book 'tis writ;
'Twas not from the heavens, it rose from the pit;
Then, spreading its vapor dark, dark o'er the earth,*
From the dome of Herod it now takes its birth.

XXXII.

And then, too, at an hour when religion had flown,
This bold superstition was taking the throne,
To subject the nations to Satan's employ;
Fraudulent fanatics! man's peace to destroy!

XXXIII.

Let us now view the past, the history of time,
Its transacted scenery, the index of mind;
The past state of the world, or these Bible scenes—
'Tis right, in conclusion, to know what they mean.

XXXIV.

The dragon's mighty sway, which is Pagan power,
The old subtle Demon deceived in an hour!
The destroyer of earth,* to rob man of bliss,
Presenting an image to man—"Worship this!"

* Revelation, ix : 2.

† Revelation, xii : 9.

XXXV.

Romulus was the man that first founded Rome,
And here Pagan power had set up its throne;
Hitherto undisturbed until gospel day—
Till Christ's own apostles in time checked its sway.

XXXVI.

These are the bold features the dragon presents;
'Tis his scriptural reign with Adam's descent,*
In many a nation but that of the Jew,
Who prior to Christ's day were subjected, too.†

XXXVII.

And oft has this people, this national church,
Swerved from pure worship, in fact, if you search;
And such their condition when Christ came on earth,
So much they rejected the Savior's high birth.

XXXVIII.

And these are the powers arrayed against Christ;
With bloodshed and murder their colors they hoist:
The power of nations transgressing God's law,
And somewhat revengeful, is just what I saw.

XXXIX.

And yet, notwithstanding the powers that be,
Christ's kingdom gained strength, this plainly we see;
For the power of God the descent of the Spirit,
The followers of Christ this strength did inherit.

* Revelation, ix : 20.

† Isaiah, ii : 8.

XL.

And how great its efforts when disciples of old,
 Armed thus with the Spirit grew wonderful bold—
 Advanced with great courage to death without dread,*
 For Christ was their leader, and stood at their head.

XLI.

“Fear not,” was their watchword, “if this life you lose;†
 You’ll gain life eternal if this way you choose.”
 Through great tribulation in this hostile land,
 They then washed their robes white in the blood of the
 Lamb. ‡

XLII.

With this sacred cause Satan tried to vie;
 In this mighty conflict how many have died!
 And under the altar || vast others must go
 In this painful struggle of bloodshed and woe.

XLIII.

Now Pagan and Homit have passed on in sight;
 The black, too, must follow § the red horse and white:
 Quick in succession these dark colors pass—
 Their vile subtle traces are over earth cast.

XLIV.

The second department, the trumpets that blow
 Will marshal the whole world to bloodshed and owe;
 For this Pagan of Rome must meet a defeat
 Before Papal powers can there take their seat.

* Rev. xii: 11. † Matt. x: 28. ‡ Rev. vii: 14. || Rev. vi: 9. § Rev. vi: 5.

XLV.

He that letteth or hindereth must be taken away ;
Then He that exalteth can then take his sway,
For time will declare it the great Man of Sin
Just when time prophetic that era brings in.

XLVI.

Satan then was expecting to hail such a day ;
'Twas just what he wanted to strengthen his sway.
With these covetous views he glanced o'er earth's plain ;
With a hellish triumph he thought he should reign.

XLVII.

As the first trumpet sounds the struggle begins :
A hail fell from heaven—on earth it descends ;
It was mingled with fire, 'twas crimsoned with blood—
A storm thus descending on earth like a flood.*

XLVIII.

And as I'm proceeding to bring to your ear,
I'll present the subject and render it clear :
Of kingdoms and powers, their empires to sway,
In vision prophetic in this present day.

XLIX.

But quick in succession those forms do appear ;
When one scene is closing, another is here.
However mysterious, presentment is true—
Of subject and matter in time brought to view.

* Revelation, viii : 7.

L,

John looked and saw rising a beast from the sea ;
'Twas somewhat surprising—in form it may be :
It was like a leopard, its feet like a bear,
His mouth like a lion—to blaspheme he dare.*

LI.

And his heads multiplied were seven in number,
With ten horns and ten crowns, the world's great wonder.
Of powers presented and kingdoms that rise,
When seen in connection are viewed with surprise.

LII.

A number of kingdoms centering in one,
The great Prince of Darkness his work has begun !
His nature and being are here brought to light—
A draft drawn by Heaven appearing in sight.

LIII.

In counter distinction to that which is white—
Not one wrought by Heaven in Eden's delight ;
No white horse and rider, whose scepter was swayed,
But wild savage nature their features displayed.

LIV.

It rose from the waters—vast strifes here of men ;
Of kings here in number, of crowns there were ten—
A beastly connection in hostile array ;
Satanic production in grandest display !

* Revelation, xiii : 1, 2.

LV.

Before I go further I'll trace Eden's lines,
For Eden's fair beauties were as pure as God's mind;
We'll now enter Eden and take a review,
No hostile appearance, here all things are new.

LVI.

Yes, Eden in beauty, how peaceful thy plains,
How mild is thy zephyrs, which say that God reigns,
An emblem of heaven, 'tis Eden thus mild,
How sure that God governs no foe has beguiled.

LVII.

Sure this is God's kingdom, his impress we see,
Here is no deception, thus true it must be;
How pure and how lovely, 'tis Nature just right,
'Tis garnished in beauty in God's own delight.

LVIII.

Here all of God's creatures partake of this state,
In the smiles of Eden God them did create;
In view of His pleasure pronounced all things good,*
In purity's region fair Eden thus stood.

LIX.

God had the pre-eminence, and still holds His claim,
Whilst the laws of Nature subscribe to His name;
But the acts of reason, a rational soul,
God's right to command it the law must control.

* Genesis, i : 12, 18, 25.

LX.

And this to determine the law it was framed,
No truth can be found, then, that alters God's name :
Great King, Judge, Jehovah, in heaven and earth,
Just the same now as then, when Time took its birth.

LXI.

Yes, the right is his own, no other in state,
As King, Judge, Jehovah, is endlessly great;
Creator, sustainer, decisive a plea,
In boundless dominion as ever could be.

LXII.

'Twas He that then governed, the right was his own,
And sin cannot tarnish our God's righteous throne ;
The wrong is another's, and stands to oppose,
For satanic legions in time have arose.

LXIII.

For power there was then, and action combined,
For powers they must act, it was God's design ;
The law gives the limits to intellect here,
Between good and evil is evident and clear.

LXIV.

The power of action, as action is found,
Is the sealed permission responding in sound,
For man is dependent for power, you know,
Man's circumscribed limits must certainly show.

LXV.

Adam was invested with freedom of mind,
On him God's claims rested, and the law its design,
For claims they are resting on all sacred grounds,
On man's freedom of choice the law was laid down.

LXVI.

The great prohibition in justice was clear,
God alone had the right the vessel to steer ;
And where is presumption ? Does fate always show ?
'Twas in freedom of choice that this plant did grow.

LXVII.

Now the fruit which it yields I need not explain,
From some wrong inducement man thought he should
For thus it is written, as God's ye shall be, [reign ;
The act of decision we now clearly see.

LXVIII.

The act it was measured, as we may behold,
From a wrong persuasion the truth does unfold,
The old subtle serpent the dragon's display,
The devil and Satan deceived in one day.*

LXIX.

Thus Satan has given a proof of his power,
He that deceived at first deceives at this hour ;
And bolder the features presented to view,
Since man's salutation fair Eden adieu.

* Revelation, xx : 2.

LXX.

There is great derangement with Satan in earth,
How hostile to God here in Satanic birth;
These changes unfolding an evidence clear,
Without contradiction, that Satan reigns here.

LXXI.

Dark, dark is the mantle that's thrown over time,
And this moral darkness envelopes the mind;
In this great derangement man wishes to steer,
An agent for Satan is evidenced clear.

LXXII.

For that bold usurper, whose features are plain,
His beastly appearance is man's horrid reign,
And tracing these features in historic light,
Is a characteristic of prophetic flight.

LXXIII.

Yes, and true it may be, Satan could not do aught
Without some foul agent, and man he has bought;
We view the enlistment, in Eden's fair plains
Man signed his attachment to Satanic reign.

LXXIV.

And 'tis this fated world, that bloomed once so fair,
Has sunk in confusion, fate boldly declares;
In this dreadful station must each age make room,
Whilst bold superstition is sealing its doom.

LXXV.

Must this vile deception here roll on with time,
This fatal delusion that subjects the mind?
Must nations and empires that govern on earth,
Their rights here determine with such little worth?

LXXVI.

A mighty derangement, that seems to declare
That Satan is prince here and power of the air;
Imperial devices already in bloom,
Unfolding in nature the power assumed.

LXXVII.

Thus empires have risen in grandeur on earth,
Their being and their growth of Satanic birth,
Bold features emphatic, beastly and vile,
A patriarchate of power in Satanic guile.

LXXVIII.

Uniting these forces, vile, savage, and great,
Thus empires have risen and shone in estate,
How beastly ferocious, as God's word hath told,
Thus passions forbidden have roved uncontrolled.

LXXIX.

Thus empires in being as each each precede,
Their strength to determine each one takes the lead;
Thus kingdoms and nations, precedently great,
Have rose to determine their beastly estate.

LXXX.

If God only governed there could be, no doubt,
No such foul disasters in Time brought about ;
For right would determine how calm time would be,
And those foul disasters man never could see.

LXXXI.

But choice has determined the act of a nod,
In bold contradiction to that of our God ;
The seeds of transgression on earth have been sown,
And thistles and thorns here abundant have grown.

LXXXII.

If man had no freedom these could not have grown,
Tho' that great foul being on earth might have roamed ;
A rule to determine God's nature, you see,
Would clearly have shown you a wrong could not be.

LXXXIII.

Surely God He governs, and man governs too,
The act of the creature has much here to do ;
Christ is the foundation on which man must build,
He who builds on another contradicts God's will.

LXXXIV.

Yet 'tis the prerogative of God oft to wait,
To use every measure than that one of fate ;
But when good will not grow in freedom of choice,
'Tis right to determine that God has a voice.

LXXXV.

And thus we conclude here, that bold pestilence,
That famine and war now are God in defence;
'Tis the fan in His hand, as I said before,
That gathers the wheat from and purges His floor.*

LXXXVI.

Thus storms may here gather, and thunders may roll,
The electric motion our God can control;
As viewed by the prophet, the trumpets that blow
In earth's sounding judgments, a record of woe.

LXXXVII.

And who shall determine this, may some surprise,
Betwixt two alternates earth must sink or rise;
Our God is unchangable, He has but one mind,
And His mighty movements effect a design.

LXXXVIII.

And whilst He is pleading must this be the sum,
If mortals choose evil, wo, wo, does it come;
The scale who shall balance, in doubt here below,
In choosing for power the effect is a woe.

LXXXIX.

When the fifth angel sounded a star fell from heaven,
Of the bottomless pit a key then was given
For to unlock its vaults, a smoke does arise,
It shades o'er the nations and darkens the skies.

* Matthew, iii : 12.

XC.

But as I have noticed somewhat this event,
I will but now show you from whence it foment; ;
In the pit of Herod this smoke was confined,
Or yet more productive in Mahomet's mind.

XCI.

And there it was struggling whilst locked up within,
Or 'twas couched in the corner, the dark book of sin;
A horrid compromise with Satan and lies,
A smoky delusion that darkens the skies.

XCII.

At this very juncture I heard the war sound,
As if many powers were gathering around,—
I saw Satan vieing, in view of his reign,
With the Savior of sinners, the whole world to gain.

XCIII.

Must justice submit here to passing events,
And suffer this war flight within Time's descent?
I wait for an answer, as I make a pause,
Whilst viewing most clearly the effects with the cause.

XCIV.

Of Justice remembered, man's probation state,
The contrast He made, then He said He would wait;
'Tis just as I left it in the hands of God,
When He shall appoint it then I'll use the rod.

XCV.

The cause that predominates, to you which I bring,
Is hatred and malice to our Savior King;
His government is pure, His laws are just right,
And when fully followed afford great delight.

XCVI.

If Man had not fallen, this world badly wrecked,
Those vile passions of hate, how could they affect
This vile malice and hate which here now we test,
Must remain forever in Satan's own breast.

XCVII.

This hatred and malice, its effects who can doubt?
Sin, misery, and woe now a stream flowing out;
It spoils all creation, and gives it a stain,
Effects we endure it whilst mortals remain.

XCVIII.

But why should God suffer this vapor of death,
From this great foul agent the taint of his breath,
Creation was lovely, man he was made pure,
How could God's own goodness such actions endure?

XCIX.

A fountain so lovely as God cannot hate,
By which this foul monster maintains his estate;
God man had invested with freedom of choice,
With power and a will and a noble voice.

C.

A powerful intellect, an intellect clear,
With ability given a judgment to steer;
To rule and to govern, the law was his guide,
For the then prohibition was on Adam's side.

CI.

And I have no doubt here, 'twas Eve, Adam's wife,
And the old subtle serpent, that spoiled Adam's life;
His desire for greatness, his appetite and taste,
Were somewhat in motion, to Adam's disgrace.

CII.

Our God in His wisdom, so lovely in form,
Cannot be affected with tempest and storm,
And is not excited, as we mortals know,
To His sovereign mandates all creatures should bow.

CIII.

Take a view of intellect, and then draw the line
Between brute creation and that of mankind,
Dismiss not your judgment, which you can control,
Then judge of those qualities invested in soul.

CIV.

Those powers in motion, which seem uncontrolled,
To judge of their goodness by stations they hold,
Would show that our judgment was then uncontrolled,
Or swayed by a scepter of Satanic mould.

CV.

Now whilst I am musing, my mind it is pained
To see what a conquest the devil has gained ;
He intends to maintain it, in viewing his plans,
Would gain the ascendancy far, far o'er the land.

CVI.

He now was exulting in viewing his range,
Was fully determined the whole world to change ;
In his exultation he calls for a vote,
If his voters thought best, he would forge a note.

CVII.

Or he would make a draft on heaven's high bank,
That in view of God's reign earth might be a blank,
For this bold deceiver, in view of his aims,
Was fully determined to play off this game.

CVIII.

His hellish devices had taken so well,
His hopes were, if possible, to drag earth to hell ;
Here his boasted legions, they all vote as one,
And with a thrice motion the work was begun.

CIX.

As I am proceeding I'll give you his plans,
That Satan's deep schemes here you may understand ;
His object and aims were, you know, for to cheat,
And all God's aims and plans at once to defeat.

CX.

As God had established a bank here on earth
Of hundreds of millions and thousands of worth,
And officers chosen the sum to advance,
'Twas for man's great profit on earth to enhance.

CXI.

And that each now as one to God must account,
Here from the deposits in interest amount ;
God surely was willing the poor this to loan,
And seeking no more than the interest his own.

CXII.

Satan thought here at once a draft to maintain,
Thus the interest of it if possible to gain ;
If he should succeed now, and his plans should do,
'Twould add to his coffers a vast revenue.

CXIII.

This glorious interest is love God on high,
And thereby the right of it no one can deny ;*
Satan thought this to gain with future increase,
It would then forever to him be a feast.

CXIV.

God was the donator in framing this bank,
Jesus legislates, the second in rank ;
The Spirit bore witness to all that was said,
And thus in high Heaven the grant it was made. †

* Matthew, xxii : 37, 38.

† 1 John, v : 7.

CXV.

And then the deposits were made here on earth,
When Time had rolled onward, in Jesus' birth;*
He established His laws on earth here complete,
And then in high heaven again took his seat.

CXVI.

And leaving His business with agents on earth,
That they might determine its value and worth,
It was vast and immense to earth's sons below,
And thousands were ready to say it was so.

CXVII.

'Twas powerful at first, this great interchange,
And many thus favored have spoke of its range;
'Twas in Jerusalem the stock first was laid,
Around soon in Asia† seven branches were made.

CXVIII.

How greatly it prospered, and great to redress,
And much of its loanings the poor did possess;
Vastly rich was the world in truth for awhile,
But Satan its increase on earth thought to spoil.

CXIX.

And he here thought it best to send out some spies,
With a species of coin he moulded in lies;
And these must be passed off to keep up exchange,
And do it so graceful that all say Amen.

* Luke, ii: 11.

† Revelation, i: 4.

CXX.

And all those appointed in official garb
Move as if intending the field to enlarge,
Must use every measure in view to defeat,
There by undermining a work so complete.

CXXI.

Belzebub thought it best his work to advance,
Not with greatest forces, but untruths to glance;
To work underhanded, this is the best way,
Put on some long faces, and we'll gain the day.

CXXII.

For in days past and gone we found this the best,
When bold forces were struggling between life and
death,
Let us now slack the reins, we'll upset their dish,
They are taking great hauls, but we'll have the fish.

CXXIII.

Let us seize on the present, no doubt we'll succeed,
Without force of power we'll now take the lead;
Our plans now in motion are doing quite well,
And this most successful we hope soon to tell.

CXXIV.

But before I proceed in this kind of deal,
It is best to sow tares in earth's common field;
I'll be very cautious it will work complete,
For 'twill blast and root out His great crop of wheat.

CXXV.

I have long designed it, and think it is best
To gain the ascendancy and blast with my breath
The hopes of Immanuel in this great exchange,
In establishing mine I'll limit His range.

CXXVI.

For in this plain disguise I wish to maintain,
In bold conformation my glorious reign;
The time is advancing, and seems to be near,
When we shall hail each other with triumphant cheer.

CXXVII.

I long to be wreaking my fury on him,
In much opposition to drown him in sin;
My fury is burning, and cannot be quenched,
Until all his forces are banished from hence.

CXXVIII.

But who shall we summons that will be so bold,
Well suiting our wishes that we can control,—
Who now can be trusted in these my designs,
Its growth will not flourish in every man's mind.

CXXIX.

There is one Simon Magus,* that stands in repute,
No doubt many others will favor our suit;
One fairest Jesibel, somewhat like Eve,
And the Nicolaitons, which love to deceive.†

* Acts, viii: 9—18

† Revelation, ii: 14, 15, 20.

CXXX.

The doctrine of Balam, of ancient renown,
With all of these forces will soon take the ground;
It cannot be doubted a conquest 'twill bring,
When we get well motioned with all this machine.

CXXXI.

You know it's a feature in Man to be great,
And here now we'll give Man this official state;
For to crown all our hopes in this plain disguise,
We'll forge all our coffers in this matter of lies.

CXXXII.

And thus 'tis determined, and now all as one
Advance every measure, the work shall be done;
I see it, I feel it, in a very full glow,
Here seize now your weapons, and all my friends go.

CXXXIII.

This no sooner uttered than earth it was filled
With these hellish legions opposed to God's will,
Each fully determined with Man's carnal mind,
On this great foundation to lay their designs.

CXXXIV.

Then Belzebub moving quick o'er earth's plains,
With a broad, quick motion he scatters his grain,
With a mind fully bent his work to complete,
His great expectations he already greets.

CXXXV.

Saying God's great designs this work will defeat,
For this great growth of tares will spoil all His wheat.
No doubt but his thoughts were like these as he goes,
When fully determined our God to oppose.

BOOK IX.

I.

Jehovah was viewing, knew well what was done,
He saw every movement contradicting His son;
The earth it was deluged and flooded with sin,
The streams of contention were then pouring in.

II.

The Spirit's inspiration then rolled from on high,
Inviting some heralds to then raise the cry,
Say, O ye Gallatians, who hath you bewitched,
The path now before you will end in the ditch.

III.

What have you undoubtedly in the spirit began,
By the flesh made perfect what prizes will be won,—
Say are you so foolish the truth to reverse,
Let those that influence you on earth be accursed.

IV.

What trust circumcision on the law now depend,
Your trust then in Christ's blood and your faith must end
If this is your choosing the cross then must cease,
And in the conclusion forthwith love, joy, and peace.

* Gallatians, iii : 1—8.

V.

Again men and angels, let them be accursed,
Whoever now passes such coin on the earth,*
'Tis Satan's production to turn you from Christ,
And rob you forever of an endless life.

VI.

O how sweet is that voice, I fail to compare,
As gentle as the breeze, as pure as the air,
The voice was caressive, I will here attest,
'Twas seasoned with caution and mild in address.

VII.

My Son you must hasten to Patmoss's isle,
And light up that region with a heavenly smile ;
St. John there is banished, our greatly beloved,
Now hasten down quickly, descend from above.

VIII.

With your glowing passion, 'tis your heavenly zeal
Must motion our doings in earth's wretched field,
For the devil is raising a tempest on earth,
Already in being of Satanic birth.

IX.

Give John then a message, one deserving his trust,
For Satan's vile movements is darkening the earth,
Send a note to admonish each one that preside,
And in your addresses from them nothing hide.

* Gallatians, i: 9.

X.

Ephesus and Smyrna, a land John must cry,
Pergamos Thiatira he must not pass by ;
Saralis, Philadelphia, each one advertise,
With Laodicea of Satan's forging lies.

XI.

I turned my attention towards Patmos's isle,
I saw there that Nature was dressed in a smile ;
There's nothing before this that produced the like,
But the fire on Zion, or the bush Moses saw.*

XII.

This beaming reflection then seemed for to say,
Awake, sluggish Nature, my laws now obey ;
How faint that reflection compared to this light,
That led Israel's pathway by day and by night. †

XIII.

Christ the light of the world again now descends, ‡
Enrobed in His glory, on which light depends ;
How highly important this balancing weight,
Interest advancing in its high estate.

XIV.

This divine correcter of infinite worth,
Is man's great protector in matters of earth ;
Man's administrature in heaven's high calls, §
By the weight of this motion earth rises or falls.

* Exodus, iii : 2. † Ex. xiii : 21. ‡ John, i : 9. § 1 Cor. xii : 5, 6.

XV.

The great, mighty motion, which the Son of God made,
Secured man's interest on premises laid,*
And here is a motion brought to view here again,
This powerful reflection proclaims Jesus reigns.

XVI.

His voice it was weighty, powerful to awake,
Forcibly commanding when to me He spake:
I, the first and the last—at this Nature bowed—
I'm Alpha and Omega, said a voice sounding loud.

XVII.

And now I command thee, send forthwith to my banks,
Located in Asia, in their various ranks;
Go tell them I'm living, with treasures untold,
And their banking safeguards I'll soon fill with gold.

XVIII.

If they will be cautious in their sacred trust,
In every transaction of dealing be just,
And take my detector, each coin now compare,
Accept of no other than my image there. †

XIX.

There never was character whose boast was his birth,
Compared to this being of value and worth;
John gives a description of this personage,
Beyond all comparison to an earthly sage.

* Hebrews, x : 7.

† Hebrews, viii : 29.

XX.

How beautiful, how white, like wool here below,
Thus His head and His hair was like the pure snow,
Clothed with a garment that met now the earth,
Of beauty and brightness that tells His high birth.

XXI.

'Twas a golden girdle that held His attire,
Resplendent in beauty that all must admire,
As brass in the furnace His feet then did shine,
With two edges sharpened the sword of His mind.*

XXII.

As the sun in its strength His countenance shone,
An emblem of brightness to mortals well known,
And the sound of His voice, as the cataracts roll,
'Twas as mighty waters that one could control.

XXIII.

In His piercing brightness was the Spirit's glow,
A shock some like lightning, John he felt it, saw,
Whilst gazing on Jesus, 'twas his spirit's weight,
Christ's power and glory, His official state.

XXIV.

And John now is ready His message to unfold,
He makes no excuses, these facts must be told,
And first he salutes them, perhaps it is best,
Just before proceeding to give his address.

* Revelation, i: 13, 14, 15.

XXV.

Here now ye officials, in this your sacred trust,
Ensure the sacred peace of Him who governs earth,
And from the seven spirits that are before His throne,
Earth is a dark abyss of mortal sighs and groans.

XXVI.

Behold He lives on high, lives no more to die,
'Tis His prerogative to rule both earth and sky,
And in His banking line makes you kings and priests,
To Him be glory now and endless increase.*

XXVII.

EPHESUS.

Hear ye, branch of Zion's bank, which is at Ephesus, †
Thousands of millions art, how much say are you worth,
The grand deposit form, in plenitude divine,
I ask the full amount, must have it now in time.

XXVIII.

Surely thou canst not bear, those are hellish spies,
Say they Apostles are, 'tis false asserted lies;
Yes, these defaulters here, with all their bogus bait,
'Tis evidently clear that though these monsters hate.

XXIX.

Your acts of labor, too, and works of patience here,
And for my name hath borne is evidently clear;
And yet somewhat at least of wrong now does appear,
Though thy first love hath lost brightest coin not here.

* Revelation, i: 4—6.

† Revelation, ii: 1—8.

XXX.

To reckon with you now, here now to you I'm sent,
Thy candlestick removes except you do repent,
For these my funds are lent, great on earth thy trust,
And all I ask at most is simple interest.

XXXI.

And if you overcome deal faithful, heed my charge,
I will thy glorious sum of banking stock enlarge;
'Tis this the spirit saith to churches here below,
A bank of life in God, a paradisa! show.

XXXII.

SMYRNA.

To the Bank of Smyrna, now in official line,*
Second bank in Zion, its deposits they are mine;
I am the first, the last; was dead, am yet alive,
I gave the ransom price that you might be revived.

XXXIII.

Thy tribulations here and poverty is great,
And yet you need not fear, rich in banking state,
If others do blaspheme and say that they are Jew,
Within the synagogue there Satan owns their pews.

XXXIV.

And there he loves to dwell, a counterfeiting lies,
Beware of these foul fiends, they are deceitful spies;
I know that you must suffer, the devil does you hate,
He'll force you off to prison and close the malice gate.

* Revelation, ii : 8—12.

XXXV.

Pass through all your trials with a cheerful mind,
Though you have to suffer it will the gold refine;
Be faithful to your trust, in my holy coin deal,
Behold the great I Am sets the mighty seal.

XXXVI.

Hear what the spirit saith, the object does appear,
Whilst He in life and death presents it to your ear,
The spirit does declare if you in Time prevail,
By second death unhurt, will life eternal hail.

XXXVII.

PERGAMOS.

Again the trumpet voice in salutations spake,*
Commanding me to write, obeying for his sake,
Angel in Pergamos, a branch of Zion's bank,
Jesus depositor, to you the third in rank.

XXXVIII.

Thy works and dwellings know, saith the mighty sage,
Bearing a polished sword with its double edge;
'Tis just by Satan's seat, presenting there my name,
Where Satan Judas sat, there Antipos was slain.

XXXIX.

Though like that holy master denied not thy faith,
Even where Satan dwelt hear what the Spirit saith:
Though I some things do find that I do always hate,
The Nicolaitan coin, it is the devil's bait.

* Revelation, ii : 12—18.

XL.

Take away that Balam block which stumbling Israel met
Balam's sacrificial form, it is the bogus weight;
These moles of lies in town, which counterfeiters bare,
To mold their coin in, of them, I say, beware.

XLI.

Forsake these bogus dealers, or I to thee declare,
With sword of my mouth I'll fight, and thee I will not
spare;
Let him that hath an ear now heed the Spirit's call,
His message does appear, He offers it to all.

XLII.

He that overcometh the richest boon I'll give,
A name in a white stone with joy he shall receive,
With my approving voice joyfully I'll greet,
And of the hidden manna unknown to others eat.

XLIII.

THYOTIRA.

But still his voice speaking with a saluting bound,*
O ye, Thyotirans, to you my message sounds,
Thus saith the Son of God, His feet as polished brass,
He hath a flaming eye, and sees and knows the past.

XLIV.

I know thy charity, faith, service and its worth,
Thy patience and thy works, the last is more than first,
And notwithstanding that it seems there's something sour
That contradicts the interest of this my banking power.

* Revelation, ii : 18—29.

XLV.

Why suffer you that woman to commit and seduce,
And to counterfeit you far away from the truth?
She might have repented, for I gave her much time,
Her stamp forged by Satan, 'tis his image, not mine.

XLVI.

I now will make his bed in tribulation's dale,
And all his followers in death's relentless wail,
Unless from deep sorrows of these their vile doings,
They shall soon know the depth of unmingled ruin.

XLVII.

I try the reins of men, and I inspect the heart,
Behold my piercing view is like the pointed dart,
I give to each and all their measurement and weight,
In view of all their doings when settled in estate.

XLVIII.

Be careful, then, to know Paul's rule of loss and gain,
For all the world shall know my everlasting reign;
All earthly joys are dross, the interest of strife,
But Christ, Paul's greatest, has gold of endless life.

XLIX.

Then let me say to you, and unto all the rest,
Avoid those counterfeiters, and with my coin be blest,
And then no other burden upon you I do lay,
Than that received already,—hold fast, go on your way.

L.

And of the depths of Satan I hope you will not speak,
For they my banking business have rendered it quite
weak,

And if you persevere in doing what I say,
Extend my coin o'er nations, and hail the mighty day.

LI.

When all my banks shall flourish, for this the world
shall see,

Come all ye holy bankers and listen unto me :
To him that overcometh I'll give the morning star,
Come all ye holy bankers and triumph from afar.

LII.

SARDIS.

O ye Sardinians, I say to you arise,*
In your careless slumbers the deadly poison lies ;
How dark the vapor is, the opiate of sin,
Slumbering on earth's shores the prize how can you win ?

LIII.

Is this your bank in hand, thousands of millions worth,
How can you then consent to lounge upon your birth ?
What use is it to you, what benefit to others,
That you should couch around, asleep upon these
feathers ?

* Revelation, iii : 1—7.

LXIV.

Indulgence often proves the fated draft of death,
Chains the mental powers, and is a stint to health;
Where is the life of love in hope's delightful range,
The golden coin of God, that holy, bright exchange?

LV.

Bankers, I say arise and use your funds of grace,
Your interchange of coin, and rich will be this place;
He that overcometh in white he shall be clothed,
I will confess his name when sleeping dead have rose.

LVI.

With holy bankers 'round, before my Father's face,
And in the book of life his name shall have a place;
Attend to what you hear, obey the Spirit's voice,
Decide in what you do, will makes the weight in choice.

LVII.

PHILADELPHIA.

Unto Philadelphia, branch of Zion's bank,*
To him that doth preside, sixth I think in rank,
Thus saith the holy one, the President of all,
He openeth, none can shut, come heed the mighty call.

LVIII.

'Tis all thy works I know here on this earthly shore,
Thou hast a little strength, come enter mercy's door,
Avoiding other's wrongs, fear not, thou hast not slept,
And faithful thou hast been, for thou my word hast kept.

* Revelation, iii : 7—14.

LIX.

Thee surely I will keep from all those fated snares,
Those many vile temptations that take men unawares,
Whilst those defaulters here which vainly puff around,
That have no other name than mere an empty sound.

LX.

How often them you hear, when counterfeiting truths,
They in their affirmation assert that they are Jews;
But synagogue of Satan, such judges I will make,
With all their boasted coin, those boasters of estate.

LXI.

Them I will cause to bow, when bending at thy knees
Shall say thee I have loved, however much displeased;
Behold, for quickly I triumphantly come down,
Hold fast now that thou hast, let none take thy crown.

LXII.

He that overcometh, a pillar he shall be
In God's own holy city, come solve this mystery;
Yea higher honors too, 'tis all of you shall see
The glories of our God, and eat from life's fair tree.

LXIII.

And unto you officials, with all my gifts I'll blend
An heir in God's own city, the New Jerusalem;
Yea, I will write upon you my new inspected name,
It shall be written there, engraven with my pen.

LXIV.

LEODICEAN.

And though Leodicean may call to you at last,*
My earnest love for you forbids you I should pass ;
'Tis the Amen that saith as unto you I write,
He that formed creation with supreme delight.

LXV.

He is the faithful witness to each and all hath sent
His admonitions fully unto each President ;
'Tis all thy state I know how much it nauseates,
I would 'twas cold or hot, in what a sickening state.

LXVI.

For such a state to me is very nauseating,
And soon 'twill be to thee, for death and hell are waiting,
For surely thou hast said, now I am rich indeed,
Not knowing thou art poor and very much in need.

LXVII.

I have need of nothing in banking business line,
And surely knowest not that thou art poor and blind ;
Now all thy banking funds is Satan's spurious coin,
And serves no further ends than merely to adorn.

LXVIII.

What benefit to you, to me what interest,
The devil's bogus coin you should so much possess ;
Where is your detector for to prove the coin by,
The banker's great corrector that never tells a lie.

* Revelation, iii : 14—22.

LXIX.

Surely thou art naked, and shamefully appear,
Where is that white raiment once bought by me so dear,
Besides I wish to say thy vision is not right,
Your knavish, naked state would quickly pain your sight.

LXX.

I counsel thee to buy now all thy need of me,
For in thy wretched state excuses are no plea;
Come now, contract for gold that's in the furnace tried,
Come live in God's estate, such riches will abide.

LXXI.

I'll gratify thy needs, here take this robe of white,
And wear no other clothes, for this is always right;
Then take this salve of sight, this ointment for the eye,
Thy nakedness is gone, now joyfully arise.

LXXII.

In visionary view the gold now does appear,
That in the furnace fire reflects mine image clear;
How powerful is my love that never does delay,
But in those joys above around the soul doth play.

LXXIII.

To those that listen now, to them I will appear,
And those that gently bow with filial love and fear:
With them 'tis I will sup, the banquet shall be great,
In God they shall possess an everlasting state.

LXXIV.

For I have overcome, the conquest I have gained,
And on my Father's throne there joyfully I reign;
And those in me delight and patiently endure,
And firmly trust in God, to them the prize is sure.

LXXV.

They joyfully with me upon my throne shall sit,
And then their patient work they never will regret;
My pure abode I'll show in figures that are plain,
And you shall now behold my everlasting reign.

LXXVI.

No sooner this he said than sea of glass arose,*
And those the victory had triumphed o'er their foes,
Whilst waves of crystal light were rolling just between,
Which hightened to my view the glories of the scene.

LXXVII.

Then to my piercing gaze a city did appear, †
It's walls and visage show transparently were clear,
Its descent was from above, a city of pure gold,
And here you bankers now your interest behold.

LXXVIII.

Its bright and holy light was like the crystal class, ‡
This is my bank estate you shall possess at last;
This is a glorious safe, my treasures they are there,
And in my banking funds my faithful ones shall share.

* Revelation, iv : 6. † Revelation, xxi : 2. ‡ Revelation, xxi : 11.

LXXIX.

I view'd its gold paved streets, its gates were all of pearl,
 The New Jerusalem is sure a banking world;
 In bright materials* its choice foundations lay,
 The God that made the world rolled all its night away.

LXXX.

Hear all that now have ears, and do not turn away,
 But seek those things above, they end in joyful day;
 Hear what the spirit saith, and all your trials bear,
 And in my banking world possess an endless share.

LXXXI.

REMARKS.

Those waves that are rising, and of various kinds,
 In their influences can but affect mind;
 Now an influence, if good, we need have no fear,
 They bring a bright sun and sky that is clear.

LXXXII.

And if they be evil they cannot be true,
 Though they affect many or a very few;
 All motion has origin, a motioning weight,
 Bad flows not from God, nor angels, nor saints.

LXXXIII.

Man has but one master, he cannot have two,
 This is Christ's own language he spake to the Jew, †
 A fountain of water‡ produces one kind,
 Not salt and fresh water at the very same time.

* Revelation, xxi: 21—27. † Matthew, vi: 24. ‡ James, iii: 12.

LXXXIV.

Many thistles and thorns and briers may grow,
These of various kinds is a test fact you know ;
But these thorns and thistles are of little use,*
Viewing those weapons which they all produce.

LXXXV.

But the true coin of God is the grace that is true,
Will do unto others † they should do to you,
'Tis patient and humble, 'tis peaceful and mild,
'Tis what we call neighbor, ‡ and acts without guile.

LXXXVI.

He who now seeks the good and peace of another,
Consults friend nor foe, we hail now as brother ;
And here 'tis we anchor, our heaven of rest,
Here on Christ's own bosom we lean on His breast.

* Hebrews, vi : 8. † Matthew, xxiii : 39. ‡ Matthew, vii : 12.

BOOK X.

I.

Now Satan beholding here this great event,
That the God of glory this message had sent,
The greatest confusion then rolled on his mind,
Which checked for a moment his hellish designs.

II.

He said to his fellows, Our schemes are well known
To Him that now liveth and sits on the throne ;
I can but consent here, in view of my worth,
That He reign in heaven, and I reign on earth.

III.

For this world we are in consents I should reign,
'Twas man's will and consent in Eden I gained,
But this kind of work here, this bold interchange
Which Christ is effecting will limit our range.

IV.

And now I confess here I'll not give an ell,
The strength of my forces on earth this shall tell;
I will not give up now, no surely I won't,
Till forced by those powers I cannot confront.

V.

If they use persuasion, if visions they lend,
It is our glorious cause we'll try to defend ;
Let God visit their earth with angels and men,
His transforming powers our forces must transcend.

VI.

He paused for a moment, then said, Friends, you know
With all of our forces we'll give him a blow ;
Let Him with His forces now enter this field,
He'll know in a moment what my strength can wield.

VII.

He need never think now, by this kind of show,
Without my consenting to force me to go,
For on this I am bent, a bank of my own,
Monopolize the world, and set up my throne.

VIII.

'Twas away then he flew, though all in a foam,
And directing his course, he steared towards Rome ;
Amidst the shades of time he alights at the place
Where Pagan, it is said, had met its disgrace.

IX.

The beasts they were ready their lord for to greet,
And if he had asked it, to give up their seat ;
They told him they needed then his kind redress,
For that one of their heads were wounded to death.*

* Revelation, xiii : 3.

X.

And that by a blow to favor a fine
Immanuel had levied to brighten the mind ;
His official subjects so far have entailed
The right of his lordship as ours to assail.*

XI.

He said, Will you sign here the right of control,
Embodying your interest to make but one fold ?
If to this you assent then I will ensure
For the head of the beast a sure, certain cure.

XII.

And this is not the whole, for more I will do,
For my former covenant with you I'll renew ;
And this is a token to settle this strife,
If you'll form an image I will give it life.†

XIII.

He thought to himself, Here now I shall ensure
The right of my lordship by such a great cure,
For this the world will admire my official state,
Saying, Who can make war with powers so great?‡

XIV.

And if form or likeness can now be devised,
Over Man's mental powers a darkness will rise ;
I have oft succeeded in taking this course,
From God and from heaven man's mind 'twill divorce.

* Daniel, xi : 34. † Revelation, xiii : 15. ‡ Revelation, xiii : 4.
8*

XV.

If they now accept it 'twill thwart God's designs,
And limit His purpose, and give strength to mine;
'Tis like the great needle that points but one way,
If I can reverse it 'twill lead man astray.

XVI.

My hopes so embarrassed, it pained my own breast,
There was but one plan, then, on which I could rest,
Then my fancied walls they were somewhat a loss,
As the walls of Jericho at the trumpet's blast.

XVII.

But I have succeeded, and now gained the day,
My grand scheme in motion will hold them at bay;
All hail now, good luck, sirs, henceforth and forever,
The whole world will be mine when poised by this lever.

XVIII.

They accept of my plans as a bright design,
The proposed conditions well suiting their mind;
Thus a change is effected in this very hour,
Effectually wrought by my official power.

XIX.

A kind of conception is moulding within,
Its birth and production will prove man of sin;*
In presupposition in view he appears,
And will wear the purple in productive years.

* Thessalonians, ii : 3.

XX.

My imperial forces will now end their reign,
These prophetic causes have crept in my brain,
And I must be ready to meet this great change,
And my banking business I'll try to arrange.

XXI.

This plan I have formed it, 'tis one of my own,
In official power I'll set up my throne,
For 'tis this man of sin, in productive state,*
Must forge all my coffers, and give each their weight.

XXII.

Man so fond of power, I'm sure to succeed,
For most men are striving to govern and lead;
If I can but open a draft to their sight,
They'll adopt my measure and think all is right.

XXIII.

And as they are striving them power I will lend,
For 'tis this little horn † I'd like to defend;
Thus much in assurance in forming a stage,
In Pope's impositions, which does earth engage.

XXIV.

The plan has been moulded, with profuse delight
In Daniel's assurance that tends to make white, ‡
Let Constantine measure in his bold review,
What help he has given to a very few.

* 2 Thessalonians, ii : 3. † Daniel, vii ; 8. ‡ Daniel, xi : 35.

XXV.

But what a presumption has fate here to sign,
Whilst Pope in dominion does range over mind ;
Is this now the man here in presumption's garb,
God's kingdom to advance, will He it enlarge ?

XXVI.

Are these now the features, the shade does it rise,
The black horse and rider the world to surprise ;
To sackcloth the Bible, their mode now in use,
What right have they from heaven that they can adduce.*

XXVII.

Must blackness and darkness her vail throw around,
Must the great enchantment spread o'er holy ground
This flood of delusion, a power to weigh ?
The scale now is ready, Pope's arm takes its sway.

XXVIII.

Come, friends, and go with me to cruelty's shrine,
Is the Inquisition a type of God's mind ?
Their administrations embolden to this,
Do they sell their license on redemption's list ?

XXIX.

Could Satan embody the truth for to file,
From hell's doleful regions such malice and guile,
Is there a production that represents weight,
In hell or in the earth, whose forge is so great ?

* Daniel, xi: 36.

XXX.

Now the Imperial power had ceased for to reign,
Of course he that hindered had gone to the wane,*
And powers advancing by a gradual rise,
Supremacy of nations, the world is apprised.

XXXI.

The kingdoms around her to Rome now must bow,
Inditing her forces o'er earth drives her plow;
The implements are forging, in caverns concealed,
By which she's determined to now take the field.

XXXII.

Say, O Christ's disciples, say where do you stand?
Is God here embodied in form as a man?
And to this presumption here bow 'tis you must,
Or the rack and the faggot will sweep you from earth.

XXXIII.

Vast nunneries are rising to favor their schemes,
And flocks they are driving to these burial scenes;
The veil of compromise is then thrown around,
Concealed from the nations their works underground.

XXXIV.

Where many a tyrant, seducing the youth,
They mould there their coffers, but not in the truth;
With presumptuous measures they muffle the mind,
In circumscribed limits they rob souls of time.

* 2 Thessalonians, ii : 7.

XXXV.

Come nations and empires that's stationed on earth,
'Tis the great lofty See that gives you your worth ;
For there's naught can be done, he sits on the throne,
But what he must veto, or pass as his own.*

XXXVI.

'Tis the bright, holy coin of heaven's great worth,
'Tis the great lofty See in males must reverse ;
'Tis the stamp of the See that marshals the day,
The power of his signet that men must obey.

XXXVII.

Yes, the great man of sin on earth now is known,
And every imperial must bow at his throne ;
Crowns, laurels and empires must lay by his seat,
Whilst princes approaching must now kiss his feet

XXXVIII.

Must we now call godlike this form of a man,
He vicegerent on earth, and takes the command ;
Let God give the answer in this great surprise,
Deos pronosi veto, or lord to the skies.

XXXIX.

'Twas a beast John beheld, with horns like a lamb,
He spoke like a dragon, and took the command ;
Now you'll mark the first beast, sensual in birth,
And here is another comes up from the earth.†

* Revelations, xiii : 17.

† Revelation, xiii : 11—18.

XL.

To exercise power, conjointly in time,
In presumptuous worship to idolize mind,
The first we acknowledge is Rome's Pagan name,
Rome, Papal instituted, its features the same.

XLI.

Pope and Pagan worship unmasked is declaimed,
In prophetic view an image was framed,
The parallel power in process is great,
And historic pages this fact do relate.

XLII.

The exercised power as each did increase,
The latter as former the strength of the Beast;
He caused earth to worship, and did not reverse,
The head that was wounded was Pagan at first.

XLIII.

Thus you see each in turn do give us their weight,
That gives each their features as each sat in state;
If we can judge rightly from prophetic light,
Neither Pagan nor Pope creed was legal or right.

XLIV.

We talk of such graces that will here endure,
Such graces when found now have God's signature;
Pagan and Pope, then, to this has no claim,
For neither has the signature by God's righteous name.

XLV.

And here we are certain there is no mistake ;
 The world to this motion is now wide awake :
 That in Christian dealers a motion at length,
 That serves not the interest of Papistic strength.

XLVI.

We draw from the patience and faith of the saints—
 The true-hearted Christian can urge no complaint ;
 But all things enduring,* in charity bound,
 This bright coin 'tis of God, is rare to be found,†

XLVII.

I ask your attention, for light there must be,
 From one source or other, or man cannot see. ‡
 It is not man's vision nor power of sight §
 Which makes manifest—Christ says it is light.

XLVIII.

Now, where shall we seek it? To what shrine repair?
 In Christ we may have it ||—in Pope we despair.
 Preparatory measures must in word appear, ¶
 Before Christ, man's great light, can in man shine clear.**

XLIX.

But now let us listen to the Pope of Rome ;
 Let him devise measures to brighten his throne :
 Let fire fall from heaven to strengthen his lease,
 In deceptive measure his schemes to increase.

* Rev. xiii : 10. † 2 Cor. iii : 4. ‡ John, i : 4. § Isaiah, viii : 20.

|| John, viii : 12. ¶ John, iii : 4. ** Luke, xi : 36.

L.

The workers of Satan's decevableness,*
 In vast lying wonders we find Rome's address;
 For Time's rolling changes has wrecked Cæsar's throne;
 Babylon moves her sign, and sets it up in Rome.†

LI.

Prophetically declared on the Woman's face,
 That on a scarlet Beast appeared in deep disgrace,
 She, the Mother of Harlots, her customs refined,
 Must with his daughter stay ‡ till Christ-coming time.

LII.

The angel that presents offers an address—
 The Woman that was seen was in the wilderness.§
 This figure shows her lost—a wonderment throughout,
 Far from the light of God, in fraud hedged about.

LIII.

Here let me apologize in behalf of Rome:
 No church but hers on earth swayed beyond a throne
 To take the seat of God,|| represent his power;
 Yet not in justice here, but merely to empower.

LIV.

Dressed in a scarlet robe, a golden cup she held,
 Full of abominations too horrible to tell!
 This Woman on the Beast was Pope's church as sure,
 As much so as any truth that prophecy secures.

* 3 Thes. ii : 10. † Revelaion, xvii : 5. ‡ Ezekiel, xvi : 4.

§ Revelation, xvii : 3.

|| Thessalonians, ii : 4.

LV.

The ten horns on the Beast,* and the Image's ten toes,†
Must end at one period we can but suppose;
The same now in number, and both must remain,
And measure the same period in prophetic reign.

LVI.

Those toes they were crushed ‡ and blown all away;
That stone was Christ's kingdom, all earth it must sway,
Just in parallel light popish power must live
Till Christ's second coming, then its doom receive. ‡

LVII.

None sits upon a beast so great in pomp arrayed;
The moon that waves the full must pass into the shade,
Nor is she crowned with stars, nor clothed with the sun,
This Woman which John saw was not that heavenly one.

LVIII.

Her traffic in this world with kings was fornication,
And with this wretched wine she made drunk the
nation! §
She says I am now widow—a joyful queen I pass!
Now with the former Woman how great is the contrast!

LIX.

John gazed on this Woman, drunk with blood of saints!
It astonished John beholding a wonderment so great.
Giddy, gay, delighted with this crimsoned wine—
Thus flows the blood of martyrs to pacify her mind.

* Rev. xvii: 12. † Daniel, ii: 41. ‡ Thes. ii: 8, 9. § Rev. xvii: 2

LX.

Those martyred here for Jesus this fact alone decides
How purple with the blood the Beast on which she
rides !

How darkened is her empire with malice and guile !
Fraudulent, despotic, deceptive—oh, how vile !

LXI.

In Rome's famous city does this Woman reign,
A sporting in grandeur, debauchery and gain ;
From her depository sends her men abroad,
Her tributary saints honor her, not God.

LXII.

Her range is far and near, encircling the world ;*
Her draft on earth appears like the pool that whirls
Her idolizing forms and images are great,
Her sacrilege to man bespeaks her doleful state.

LXIII.

A single eye, says Jesus, and body full of light,†
But with an eagle eye how darkened is the sight !
This dark, deluded race worship but a name ;
Their priests they lounge around in their unholy gain.

LXIV.

With her you must not deal unless you license bear ;
'Tis written on the hand, or on the forehead glare ;‡
Her coffers they are full with her unholy deal—
The Serpent's lucre fang has got her by the heel !

* Rev. xvii : 18. † Matt. vi : 22, 23. ‡ Rev. xiii : 16, 17.

LXV.

Her seat is on the Beast, in her despotic state—
A fundamental link that renders her so great;
And now throughout the world her greatness she
maintains:
None but the Romish Church assimilates her reign.

LXVI.

Her represented state facts alone explain;
Her cup appendage form adds the greater stain.
Her reign is not in God—in Christ she has no place;
Her operative forms are not the means of grace.

LXVII.

But far in midnight shade her subtle arts retire;
'Tis there she sets her forge and blows her smelting fire;
Her smelted streams must flow, the mint must fell her
notes,
Her impress to convey to cheat and gather souls.

LXVIII.

And thus the world is filled with her unholy deal;
Her visage from the press is passing o'er the field,
And to the world she gives an interchange so vast
That Satan hopes at least to gain the world at last.

LXIX.

Could Satan have invented a more fatal scheme?
This voice of blasphemy is more than a dream;
His volcanic caverns are found now in Rome—
The lava of malice in catastic foam.

LXX.

'Tis Satan's vocabulary our God for to file,
And fill earth's dominions with satanic guile;
His mystified shadows now shade all around—
Her mode of salvation in symbols are found.

LXXI.

How wrecked is the motion of love's vital spark!
The Spirit's prerequisite is now in the dark;
The joy of salvation—say, where is it found?
In many a cavern—it lives under ground.

LXXII.

In city, in hamlet, in the silent wood,
Rome's hell-hounds are hunting to destroy the good.
Thus in her sov'reign sway o'er monarchs she reigns,
O'er kingdoms and empires her laws she maintains.

LXXIII.

Fate no longer lingers for want of a mole,
For Satan has forged it within the Pope's soul.
Princes and nations now march to her shrine,
Her precinct of darkness envelops the mind.

LXXIV.

In Rome's kind of pruning a germ there may be;
But where will be found now the barren fig tree? *
Rome spreads out her branches—her trunk, too, is big;
Let God view her scenery, but where are her figs?

* Luke, xiii : 6—9.

REMARKS.

LXXV.

Now the Catholic Church has many at least
Who are very honest that are led by their priest.
We would not be harsh here, and yet we believe
That those that are honest are greatly deceived.

LXXVI.

Sure this is a great world, not altogether in size :
Man commences his being here and works till he dies ;
And then in the future his works will declare
For crowns up in heaven or wails in despair.

LXXVII.

Man shapes all his future in life's shortest span
By his will and devotion in all of his plans.
Whatsoever man sows, St. Paul does relate,
He is sure for to reap it* in a future state.

LXXVIII.

Then how vast are the numbers of souls come and go,
Each one shapes his dwelling for heaven or woe ;
Then, when time is ended and the hour is come,
Mathematize the whole, and show me the sum.

LXXIX.

When seven thousand years pass, if time then is gone,
Whisper not in my ear that life is a song ;
For time is devoted, and has been controlled
In fixing the destiny of immortal souls.

* Gallatians, vi : 7 ; Revelation, xx : 12.

BOOK XI.

I.

There was now a great change here brought to my view,
I saw Rome on one side, and the devil too ;
The Infinite being did quickly appear
In light pure and glorious, its beams bright and clear.

II.

From an angel God sent for to visit earth,
To exhibit God's plans and show man their worth ;
I set here a contour, in bounds Rome must keep,
She cannot my boundaries at least overleap.

III.

My power unbounded, and I will control,
And send great deliverance to many a soul ;
At this great announcement I looked far away,
I saw earth was radiated with beams bright as day.

IV.

'Twas a heavenly light dispersing the gloom,
To radiate man's pathway through time to the tomb ;
For Rome's wakes with the dead are drunken saloons,
If their sun ever rose it went down at noon.

V.

This heavenly messenger that came from above,
A bow was o'er his head, his signature was love,—
He was clothed with a cloud I could but admire,
For his feet were like pillars that reflected fire.

VI.

His position was grand, his station he took,
And he held in his hand unsealed little book,
And his face as the sun then shot out a ray,
As bright and as glorious as the sun at mid-day.*

VII.

His voice as a lion, so great was the sound,
Then broke seven thunders that rolled off around,
Which then shook the nations, and seemed for to say :
God is omnipotent, and He'll crown the day.

VIII.

God reigns in high heaven, and smiles now on earth,
Without God's great mercy what would Time be worth?
Now this Roman darkness our God will expel,
Though dense is that darkness, the products of hell.

IX.

His voice was a motion that kindled that spark,
The bright sun that ocean that rolled off the dark;
In earth's first formation, when wrought by His hand,
Earth mantled in darkness, the scene then was grand.

* Revelation, x: 1, 2, 3, 4.

X.

And this bold projector, its reflecting ray,
When thrown off on the cloud reflects in the spray
The covenanted bow, in gold spangled flame,
An ensign to mortals, God's reflected name.*

XI.

Simultaneous measures on earth does appear,
Those omni reflections we hale with a cheer,
For this thick, dense darkness begins to give way,
For God makes a motion a prelude to day.

XII.

This assimilating ray uniting below,
Will sweep off this blackness, this dark shade of woe,
A radiating beam from a heavenly one,
Whose face was so radiant it shone like the sun.

XIII.

These adopted measures, as brought to our view,
Proves God in His mercy abundantly true ;
This producing measure has burst on our sight,
Whatever makes manifest on earth it is light.

XIV.

Our God now is ready, and will not delay
The great reformation in this mighty day ;
From this heavenly one the reflections pure,
For the bow o'er his head was God's signature.

* Genesis, ix : 12, 13.

XV.

The angel points above to heaven's curving bow,
 Its bright, reflecting rays bend to earth below,
 In covenanted form, in pure angelic rain,
 As if the mercy seat was set on earth again.*

XVI.

As if God would appear, and take the great command,
 Appear on earth again, and lead the sacred van;
 Appendage form appears, the personating bow,
 That emerald round the Throne is set on earth below.†

XVII.

If God descends again Rome's trappings they must fly,
 And give the right to Him that rules above the sky;
 He plants the sacred light, the reformation ray, [lay.
 And gives to man his rights where Rome's dark vapors

XVIII.

Yes, on the sacred spot Elijah's fire descends,
 Where Rome's devoted priests somewhat like Ahab's men
 Their altars gather 'round,† with all their wits applied,
 They cut and carve their feasts, the world of men to
 bribe.

XIX.

Think Christian truths to file with emulated strife,
 Pope nor Pagan can't decide the power of endless life,
 Though Satan's devotees think to take the sway,
 When God in fire descends Elijah gains the day. §

* Exodns, xxv : 17. † Rev. 4 : 3. ‡ 1 Kings, xviii : 26. § Ib. xviii : 33.

XX.

Whilst these scenes were passing in this great exchange
Rome's cities were crowded and somewhat deranged,
And seeking a reason from cause and effect,
Rome's despotic powers were poised on the wreck.

XXI.

And as I was viewing this angelic reign,
I thought, now these errors have passed in the wane,
There is no potency that's sure to succeed
If God in his mercy intends for to lead.

XXII.

For who can destroy here what God does engraft?
The Pope, priest or monk can not do it half,
Nor satanic legions in earth all combined
With their strength, skill, and power can not change
God's mind.

XXIII.

But, like mighty waters that rise from the deep,
The rock they are lashing cannot overleap.
In vain 'tis for mortals whose limited power
Has no strength for arms' length with God for one hour.

XXIV.

Man only combines here a lastic in turn
That heats up the passions that already burn,
For mortal ambition is a toad in disguise—
If it swells out in bigness comes back to its size.

XXV.

Thus Satan with legions must marshal his plea;
He combats with fury this work on the lee.
They foment their factions to a hellish rage,
For Pope's combinations like demons engage.

XXVI.

The race-ground is measured from German to Rome,
And the stake set at Worms, around it they foam.
Thus each monster pleading in their blind dispute,
As if God of heaven they here would unsuit.

XXVII.

Their operative movements in the scale of time
The product realized like Diana's shrine.
Their multiplied goddesses I leave you to tell,
Marshaled from Jupiter or products of hell.

XXVIII.

But God is beginning his wonders in time,
Unfolding most clearly His own bright designs;
With reforming power earth's sons they are blest,
The sword of the Spirit is the mighty test.

XXIX.

The line of distinction here quickly was known,
Dividing most clearly for God or for Rome;
But more for the devil it here may be said,
For 'tis he with his legions in battle arrayed.

XXX.

But reforming measures have entered the field—
A vast power and strength in fact it doth wield ;
A mighty influence that never delays,
Has served God's own people in all other days.

XXXI.

It is oft brought to view in multiple ways,
It molds those vast beings around which it plays ;
St. Paul felt its weight, its light and its power,
And all Jewish policy resigned at that hour.

XXXII.

By these and like measures, I might as well say,
The Catholic devotees were then held at bay ;
There was none but a God made Luther's words weigh,
When sanctioned by that God could have changed the
day.

XXXIII.

And God it appears so by degrees gave it strength,
And Luther, commissioned, succeeded at length ;
And though they were trying this work for to stay,
Yet somehow mysterious God holds them at bay.

XXXIV.

'Twas not mortal power that could thus succeed,
But God who chose Luther to then take the lead ;
'Twas His glorious doings, 'twas His mighty arm,
That baffled those demons and stayed them from harm.

XXXV.

It was God's mighty work that we now behold,
A mystery crowns the scene of more weight than gold.
'tis God—'tis His power—'tis His mighty sway,
And when He commands it there is no delay.

XXXVI.

This scene viewed in justice did these sinners confound,
The reforming measures were on holy ground.
Light shines o'er the nations with a sacred sway,
Subjecting the people to a gospel day.

XXXVII.

It tinged all the people on Germania's coast,
With power the reformers its glory might boast;
To many a nation it rolled on in view,
Subjecting the people to forms that were new.

XXXVIII.

It moves in its orbit o'er England's dark shore,
In that oppressive land its vivid light pour;
To America likewise 'twas a happy guest,
Like the sun surveys its glory in its orbit west.

XXXIX.

All hail, bright Columbia, as freemen you stand,
Come now, heir the title in this glory land,
Nor give your rights over to powers that be,
In the light of the gospel forever be free.

XL.

Like the sun in its orbit the angel attired,
Producing reflection as a great orb of fire,
Dispelling the darkness and warming the earth,
May you claim your rights and heir the new birth.

XLI.

Such are the productions which heaven controls,
And the product, when gathered, is a harvest of souls ;
At Christ's second coming may the trumpet sound clear,
And you greet that harvest with a triumphant cheer.

XLII.

There's a glory in Christ that never will set,
As a sun o'er the nations vast more it reflects ;
Will Pope's darkest shadows eclipse its bright rays ?
As the sun in its station it dazzles Pope's gaze.

XLIII.

It lights up the whole world, dispersing the gloom
With a halo of glory Pope cannot assume ;
His efforts are palsied, it baffles his wit,
Now what length is his chain, how far can he get ?

XLIV.

No farther than Justice his sentinels sit,
The laws of Jehovah are there amply met ;
Of Satan 'tis written he fell from the skies,
God grant Pope a burial where the dead never rise.

XLV.

May the reformation in time take a stand,
And call up the nations by sea and by land ;
May Israel's vast people, now scattered around,
Accept of the Savior and heir their own crown.

XLVI.

With an unclouded sky may this orb appear,
Reflecting its glories each day in the year,
With a hight and grandeur that never knows bounds,
And shine o'er the nations the whole earth around.

XLVII.

Beam higher and higher, to the perfect day,*
When all men subjected to its powerful sway ;
Then nations and kingdoms and empires shall rest,
When Christ reigns most glorious where no power
molests.

XLVIII.

Now sovereignty alone is inherent in God,†
There is no other being that dare lift the rod
Without first consulting the right of control,
Investment of power in body and soul.

XLIX.

For all other power has limited strength,
Is accountable to God for breadth and for length,
And would not presume, if in their right mind,
With limited powers to cross God's design.‡

* Proverbs, iv : 18. † Rev., xv : 3, 4. ‡ Ecclesiastes, iv : 1.

L.

The devil excepted, and man's wretched soul,
When these two are numbered the story is told.
Can God excuse mortals? My answer is, No,
His clemency and mercy He designs for to show.

LI.

Shall I cite you to Eden, to see what it cost,
Where power was inverted, and what Adam lost?
For such a presumption God could not pass by,
And for that solemn act man was doomed to die.

LII.

Now, man he is reckless, nor will he subscribe,
Nor is he controlled now by that sovereign tide;
And if you consult him seems no way alarmed,
And often will answer "Why, what is the harm!"

LIII.

Now there are conditions and boundaries set—
In Wisdom's devices those bounds must be met.
I ask now the question, and wish to be heard,
Why man disregards God and slights God's own word.

LIV.

Now satanic powers are stayed at God's will,
For when He commands it are forced to be still:
The Savior on the earth in his sovereign sway,
The devils around him were forced to obey.*

* Mark, xxiv : 25.

LV.

But man—say, what is he, that he should dispute?
Why is he so set in his own vain pursuits?
He will not be governed by Him, though so high
That He alone governs heaven, earth, and the sky.

LVI.

Man now has his senses, in which he delights—
Feeling, seeing and tasting, which once were all right,
But now much perverted to man's great disgrace,
In carnal propensities man's senses are based.

LVII.

Once Adamic purity was lovely to him,
Before man was blasted and crippled by sin;
Now 'tis quite the reverse, man has no relish there,
For he's wrecked and crippled in Satan's arm-chair.

LVIII

Man can taste and relish his own carnal state—
What a mighty influence, what a ponderous waste!
It sways man's great powers, the whole man it leavens;
It inclines man to sin and robs him of heaven.

LIX.

For when you say this there's no hither nor thither,
For two great opposites cannot dwell together;
And this great division sum what subdivides,
For in man's decision he has to take sides.

LX.

God cannot hate man, though his range is above,
For love is His nature, His name it is love.*
'Tis written on Calvary, some time since the flood,
In capital characters, in letters of blood.†

LXI.

God is man's provider—it is His own cause;
The earth now produces—God supports nature's laws:
Sun lights on the evil as well as the good;
Rain refreshes them both, 'tis well understood.‡

LXII.

His feeling and relish for God man has lost!
In order to regain it how much it has cost!
The gospel policy will man reinstate,
Ennoble man's being and save him from fate.

LXIII.

'Tis a noble action, God's appeal unto man;
'Tis God's native goodness, 'tis Love's beck'ning hand,
'Tis Heaven's artillery, 'tis the Spirit's array,
Man's right to dispel it and bring a bright day.

LXIV.

I must here remind man of his favored state—
The suspension of justice in the law's pond'rous weight,
And of God's sounding name which onward must roll;
It sways vast dominion in the right of control.

* 1 John, iv : 8. † John, iii : 16. ‡ Matthew, v : 45.

LXV.

Why this great suspension—why justice delay?
Expressly to give man a probation day,
That reforming power might range o'er the mind
In man's great salvation is a bright design.

LXVI.

In reforming measures there is but one way—
The gospel demands it that man must obey;
But how vast the numbers who will not submit,
God's exercised mercies their hearts cannot get!

LXVII.

To those let me say it in my first address,
Then leave to your judgment what you may think best,
And as it is requisite to act on life's stage,
I would now if possible your thoughts here engage.

LXVIII

But what is man's plea here to what I relate?
The right of opinion that gives it its weight;
Or is it a judgment he's fostered at school,
Or self-exultation that works to this rule?

LXIX.

Immoral pollution affects every way:
'Tis the whirlpool of men around which they play:
When fully enveloped or drawn in this pool,
They might be recovered,—bnt oh, by what rule!

LXX.

'Tis you and God for it! I will not adduce,
If I undertake it you'll call it abuse.
We leave you, kind reader, God's truth to confront:
We found man, we leave man, upon his own stump.

LXXI.

Are man's works in being but only a dwarf?
Perhaps great in status, but little in thought.
Man's playthings, no doubt now, they ought to be filed,
A depot most clearly of nought but a child!

LXXII.

And I have concluded man ought to be more,
For life is a lesson on this dying shore;
In equalized freedom let man be a man,
Give God the pre-eminence, for I know that he can.

LXXIII.

A youth now commencing to here learn his trade,
Is like Nature budding, that shoots forth its blade;
'Tis oft such conjecture, I now see it all,
But when toiling for years their estimate falls.

LXXIV.

A child may prefigure the highth of a man,
And then to approach it does all that he can,
But wit, bright and fickle, may last for an hour,
When judgment embodies it loses its power.

LXXV.

But knowledge in fact here, what is it to know
Aow many are His streams, from whence do they flow ;
His unbounded fountain Time never can waste,
Then of its pure waters permit me to taste.

LXXVI.

There's many, no doubt, now, so lofty in mind,
That this glorious fountain they never will find,
For man does he know it, how much is he little,
Man this if he knew it might find out the riddle.

LXXVII.

But this knowing all things, this may some surprise,
But here I am confident in self man may rise ;
Yes, self-exultation, self all here some like,
Pope holds the dominion with supreme delight.

LXXVIII.

How great the assumption, but they hold akin
Each official subject to the man of sin ;
Nor are these vile features alone found in birth
In Rome's vast dominions, they spread over earth.

LXXIX.

In most of men's noddles the essence and weight,
If hight form degrees man loves to be great ;
The historic records have proved this fact true,
Honest reader go back no further than you.

LXXX.

Is this your condition? If not, let me guess
I'm certain, most certain, in Christ you've been blest;
The great reformation effects such a change,
The heart, when subdued, in God is its range.

LXXXI.

I mean not in measure those rabbis in state,
Who cloak their religion to make them more great,*
For such wretched beings, a curse to our race,
Their proof of religion is open disgrace.

LXXXII.

But those humble subjects who changed in their mind,
And through this refinement have learned to be kind,
They bare in their station a weight in God's love,
That reforming measure that comes from above.

LXXXIII.

God now is unfolding in progressive sway,
In grand exhibition apostolic day,
The reforming measure begins for to roll,
'Tis God by His gospel enlightening the soul.

LXXXIV.

'Tis the mighty spirit, 'tis Christ in His love,
'Tis the grace of our God from heaven above;
'Tis the well-spring of life that rises in Time,
Its crystalized waters refreshes the mind.

* Matthew, xxiii : 5, 6, 7.

LXXXV.

It is the mighty God that works now within,
Christ's blood in its nurture that cleanses from sin,
It is the Spirit's fire, 'tis heaven's great fan,
It is Christ, 'tis His voice that sweeps o'er the land.

LXXXVI.

It is Alpha, Omega, beginning and end,
It is His glorious cause that He will defend;
Though devils in legions with men here combine,
In battle contending God will not resign.

LXXXVII.

O no, friendly reader, God will not give o'er,
Tho' blackness and darkness should cover earth's shore,
This work of redemption in this glorious hour,
He motions the struggle by the weight of His power.

LXXXVIII.

The reform in conquest is a glorious state,
Affecting most wisely what we now call great,
To consummate glory through the lapse of time,
And embodies most fully a glorious design.

LXXXIX.

Let Satanic powers here motion and sway,
The world let them tax it in this gospel day;
As time is advancing in progressive form,
Let the winds blow higher to highten the storm.

XC.

As God does ensure it, the world a release
From Satan's dominions with gospel increase,
Let us cherish each feature that grace may present,
And glory in the triumph with heartfelt content.

XCI.

No doubt of vast changes in time for to come,
And those solemn changes will make the whole sum;
How many vast rivers and streams, creeks and rills,
With earth's troubled oceans no doubt fills the bill.

XCII.

There is enough given. enough has been writ,
Some care should be taken to rightly apply it,
But whatever numbers to which we may come,
'Tis the very last number that makes the whole sum.

BOOK XII.

I.

Now Satan had gotten the length of his chain,
In fact it would seem so that his cause had waned;
We appeal to his nature to learn his designs,
And follow the records in prophetic time.

II.

For I must proceed here in a Bible view,
And trace out his doings from facts that are true;
He here was determined to strengthen his lines,
And to seek volunteers* to meet his designs.

III.

One thing is most certain, on it he decides,
As Christ's subjects multiply into sects I'll divide,
There is go-ahead men of numbers no lack,
They my schemes will balance, and keep on the track.

IV.

There is frogs in the kennel in which they do lie,
I'll take care that they may pop out by-and-by,
Then in their departments some frogs may appear,
That will strengthen my purpose in some future year.

* Revelation, xvi: 13.

V.

Then Pagan I'll revive, and Pope I will strengthen,
Then the chain of Mahomet I'm sure I can lengthen,
That will thwart his purpose if I proceed in this way,
It will frustrate his plans and cause great delay.

VI.

You know I can never consent for to cease,
Whilst I have a mind to and subjects at least,
It will never answer our cause to give o'er,
If for me there's one inch of ground on earth's shore.

VII.

Take one of these frogs, then, and let him pop out,
Then all start and shout it; what are you about?
It will startle at first, as motion increases
The Church will split all up in multiplied pieces.

VIII.

And now, friendly reader, I'll try to relate,
Referring to devils* that's rising in state,
They form a resemblance akin to the beast,
If I'm not mistaken they unite their lease

IX.

Their image and features here plainly is seen,
This sway of contention, say what does it mean?
From the dragon and beast false prophet too sways,
From these frogs proceeding is a game Satan plays.

X.

Predominating measures are rising in birth,
Classified productions in forms spread o'er earth,
The dragon presuming these forms to control,
To shut the light from man and keep the heart cold.

XI.

Now men flock together in beastly ambush,
'Tis for want of power, the beasts want to push
Display of self-greatness, they want to control,
'Tis a mark, a design I wish to unfold.

XII.

Thus some men are doing in this present day,
A mark of self-greatness their works here display;
Thus many are acting that in effect say,
With a push of contention, see this is our way.

XIII.

This is our religion, and saved if you be,
You must do as I do, and see as I see,
And all other sectarist is sure for to break,
But mine it is true, sir, there is no mistake.

XIV.

'Tis bold superstition increasing the storm,
The portrait is beastly in their various forms;
These winds are arising, and bears in its sway
An increase surprising, a type for doomsday.

XV.

At this solemn juncture intermingles man's wit,
And as each wish to govern into parties they split;
There's not man in being, by land or by sea,
But mingles devotion, some sort it may be.

XVI.

The dragon, false prophet, nor beasts need invent,
Their multiplied subjects here at it they went,
'Twas three forms of spirits in time did appear,
Which moved these combatants the whole world to steer

XVII.

Each one of these venders their Babel erect,
They claim God the author their mighty fabric;
They each strike a circle, then upwards aspire,
To outwit the devil, escape from hellfire.

XVIII.

Decided combatants, they now wish to sway,
Contending with order to make men their prey,
Each one claims inventor, a patented ark,
So if now from all danger, come with us embark.

XIX.

Men act like maniacs, God made all the wood,
And this we've selected, and we know it's good;
In proof these inventors may think their's best,
Of selected scriptures, they condemn the rest.

XX.

How plainly these views are my pen must declare :
I saw Satan, prince here and power of the air,
Mustering his forces, as is here implied,
To serve the vast interest of his hellish pride.

XXI.

But, O Lord, how long is it—how long is the day !
Shall Hell spread her colors and march for the fray ?
This sweep of contention, this poison flood rolls !
It is hard, 'Mighty God, this dealing in souls !

XXII.

'Twas here I saw Pity, without any fraud,
Beckoning to Mercy, then pointing to God ;
I saw she was weeping as earth she explored,
Then cried "What a pity fraud covers earth's shores !"

XXIII.

But Love held his claims he thought to redress ;
But Faith cried still louder, " We'll hope for the best :
If harder the struggle, if we but endure,
'Twill but brighten the crown and make it more sure."

XXIV.

You know that those warriors who, loyal and good,
Take the front in battle, where all such have stood,
Are worth more than double their own weight in gold,
And when brought in battle their value's untold.

XXV.

Mark well here these forces—ask God of their claims.
Do figs grow on thistles? * Is religion a name?
Their charity is vaunting: on works they rely;
Their faith is ungrounded, and their hope must die.

REMARKS TO THE READER.

XXVI.

And now, fellow reader, what is your station—
What standing do you claim, and what relation?
Have you now your colors arrayed against Christ,
Or are your powers motioned by His kind advice?

[XXVII.]

Or are you now enleagued, employed by the devil;
Or on Jacob's ladder ascending to heaven?
Say to which department do you now belong:
Are you now a weak man, or mighty and strong?

XXVIII.

For just in proportion God's claims rest on you,
What ability He has given He assigns work to do. †
But perhaps now for Demon you are using your power.
What profit for service will he pay per hour?

XXIX.

Now these are the questions you should not delay;
They'll soon be decided at the judgment day.
If you are a Christian, and Christ is your choice,
By the spirit now motioned God will have your voice.

* Matthew, vii : 16.

† Matthew, xxv : 15.

XXX.

He claims it, must have it—and that, too, just now !
All creatures in heaven or earth ought to bow ;
All earth should be solemn, for man's work in time
Is a draft, a portrait of a mortal mind.

XXXI.

In heaven's arched galleries 'twill there be reviewed
By that hand that wrought it eternally renewed ;
Or on hell's burning coast, in characters that flame,
You will see the portrait there signed by your name.

XXXII.

You'll read it, kind reader, by the blaze of hell fire,
Or shout it in glory on a golden lyre.
How fearful the thought then, as man lingers here,
With a mind so brilliant and powers so clear.

XXXIII.

His judgment should motion and handle with skill
The brush which God gave him to serve God's own will.
Natural dictation it seems would decide,
But here now the fact is—is where man is bribed.

XXXIV.

But action there must be—there is no restraining ;
All minds in their motion this fact are maintaining.
If all were thy children I would say Amen !
But, Lord, if they are not give grace to restrain.

XXXV.

STATE OF THE CHURCH.

Let me say to Christians, repair to the fount,
May God give you His grace, and double the amount,
And give you new courage, and thribble your zeal,
And give you decision to enter the field.

XXXVI.

Satan must be repulsed, but not alone by you,
But Christ with His forces has much here to do;
There are endless resources at Jesus' will,
You need never fear it, your soul He will fill.

XXXVII.

Be decided in battle, and halt now no more,
Fear not men nor devils, nor the cannon's roar;
A soldier undaunted is worthy of trust,
May you be that soldier, and prove the last first.

XXXVIII.

I saw that vast numbers were now changing sides,
Whilst some from the battlefield with others had died;
I saw that the battle of justifying grace
Was sometimes fought quickly, not always the case.

XXXIX.

In sanctification that there was much strife,
Some maimed in the struggle, were crippled for life;
It was a dreadful day, the enemy were strong,
From feebleness and dying many battles were prolonged.

XL.

But still there were many, the numbers were vast,
That through heavy fighting were victors at last ;
I saw now in prospect to all that endure,
That all such true soldiers there lives were insured.

XLI.

Some were feeble Christians, and from duty swerved,
Others, winter Christians, worked as interest served ;
I saw much depended on official sway.
Where such men were lacking it caused great delay.

XLII.

I saw some officials untrue to their trust,
Their object was pleasure, and live on gold dust ;
There were some lofty-minded, were fond of side-slips,
Preached big style and beauty with all of their wits.

XLIII.

What name shall I call it ? 'Tis a strange disease,
Some call it the bighead ; well, that if you please ;
The world might be damned, and go to the flames,
But give them a title, a big-sounding name.

XLIV. .

'Tis the praise of the world, an object to-day,
But when this short present has all passed away,
Respecting the future what has our God penned,
And what will He give then to those great big men ?*

* Isaiah, ii : 11, 12.

XLV.

I mused here with caution at what I saw done,
I saw many privates were making great fun ;
They were jesting and joking*, pleased with mother wit,
Adjusted their persons with what they could get.

XLVI.

Were fond of new fashions and the world's applause,
Their thirst for refinement dishonored God's cause,*
I saw in conclusion, with this vast derangement,
There was no honest fighting nor equal engagement.

XLVII.

Now in Aaron's priesthood was Aaron's estate,
God said that no cripple should officiate ;*
But these self-made cripples were in spirit such,
Were not as good as Feeblemind who used his old crutch.

XLVIII.

Some powers in motion were by God controlled,
Such had the pre-eminence, and were very bold,
For such were undaunted, and stood at their posts,
Such ten chased a thousand of Satan's vile hosts.

XLIX.

These few they were willing, equipped always ready,
When they stood they were firm, when they marched
they were steady,
When with Christ their captain when once they assemble
Under colors well armed Satan's hosts always tremble.

* Leviticus, xxi: 21.

L.

As I gazed with delight I thought this is grand,
Why not be a soldier with this holy band?
Now there is a true coin as well as spurious,
For in these humble souls facts do insure us.

LI.

This training and readiness was the Spirit's drilling,
'Tis true that on man's part that he must be willing;
Now these few they were called,* and they too were
sent,†
They carried the conquest wherever they went.

LII.

Here a fact was explained, it flashed from abroad,
Not by might nor by power my spirit saith the Lord;
There is a grand process, 'tis in God's own hand,
Refining, renewing, glorious and grand.

LIII.

'Tis a life wrought within without any jar,
'Twas that living creature we read at Chebar;*
Under the God of heaven, at His own control,
Whether found in cherubims or in earthly souls.

LIV.

'Tis an inward candle, its light does appear,
To all of God's children it shines very clear,
Whose inward devotions and soul is just right,
'Twas those did inherit this candle so bright.

* Revelation, xvii : 14. † Mark, xvi : 15.

LV.

'Tis at God's disposal here in bright array
To be called home this moment, or with mortals stay ;
'Tis the voice or whisper that does man no harm,
At the Mount of Horeb* 'twas Elijah's charm.

LVI.

I turned over history, these facts did appear,
When I came to Israel I saw very clear,
When they were with their God they prospered wherever
But when they forsook Him then never, no never.

LVII.

Some talkers, busybodies, were quite void of wit,
If they ever had character will lose what they get ;
I saw some were halting, this did my mind pain,
With a host of such demons the conquest will gain.

LVIII.

What a curse are such soldiers, the more the worse off,
If I'm not mistaken their heads must be soft ;
A conquest before them, what cause for delight,
They are so unstable they never will fight.

LIX.

Some praised others' doings, extolled others' gifts,
If they were like others what a sigh they could lift,
For somehow or other my harness don't fit,
What a sight I could do if theirs I could get.

* 1 Kings, xix : 11, 12.

LX.

Others no courage had, were counting their loss,
And always complaining and fighting the Cross,
Seldom gained victory, and then not quite sure,
Were without decision and forever poor.

LXI.

“Well, have you enlisted?” I asked then, “For what?
The object in conquest have you now forgot?
To join Heaven’s army, and that for to fight,
The weapons He gives you are always just right.

LXII.

But you have not proved them! Why not be content?
They are Heaven’s own gifts, to you they are lent
For a glorious purpose, to serve God’s own will.
Be silent, submissive; don’t murmur—be still!

LXIII.

For the conquest is His, he will give it you;
Then dismiss all your fears, arise now and do.
What will it insure you but pure trust and gain,
With a boundless conquest in Christ’s princely reign.

LXIV.

Come, give God the glory and press on thy way,
In due time you’ll conquer if you don’t delay.
Come, be true to thy trust, ’tis of great renown;
Now prove thyself worthy—let none take thy crown.

LXV.

The world it may charm you and Satan may bribe,
And fancy may flatter to turn you aside.
Gird on the whole armor and fight on your way;
All hell's artillery you can thus hold at bay.

LXVI.

The world claims your service from the fact you profess,
Of you as a Christian they cannot ask less.
It is heaven's own plan, of means not a few,
For means when rightly used has here much to do.

LXVII.

How many a message conveyed to the mind
By the Spirit's power through man God designed!
How useful are those gifts, those means God bestows!
In the use of those means man meets all his foes.

LXVIII.

If you should save one soul what a joy it would bring!
Heaven's arched galleries would joyfully ring
With loud hallelujah to Jesus below:
Another saved sinner from sin, death and woe!

LXIX.

Well then stop and reflect: 'tis a fact here well known
Satan can not hinder you from saving your own;
And now for the conquest, 'tis certain and sure,
God guarantees victory to those who endure.

LXX.

I saw God was viewing each motion on earth,
Whilst man he was acting in conceptive birth;
Here shrouded in mortal, a mantle for time—
Many in will mocked their God with a base design.

LXXI.

I glanced at dominion, deep was my surprise
When national kingdoms and princes did rise:
I saw man exalted, a station each held,
And their accountability so great none can tell.

LXXII.

Each one seemed to govern in his own estate,
From the low to the high influence was great;
Yet all seemed insensible to heaven's high claims,
Earthly glory, self-interest their object and aims.

LXXIII.

Self, 'twas dignified self, alone seemed to rise,
And all minds were grasping to gather a prize;
For each in his station was striving in view—
Earthly glory and grandeur they all did pursue.

LXXIV.

But whilst I was musing o'er nations I sighed;
A watchman descended—a holy one cried,*
"Arrayed now in grandeur, you Chaldean kings,
You Nebuchadnezzars, the sound you I bring.

* Daniel, iv : 14.

LXXV.

Man's lofty appearance, somewhat like a tree,
He spreads forth his branches from sea unto sea;
Cut off now its branches, its beauty deface,
The decree is from Heaven—man's greatness erase!"

LXXVI.

Then quick I stepped forward to the annals of fame:
Here again man was striving to gather a name;
And what is its value when once it is found?
When years have passed by us how empty the sound!

LXXVII.

I here was concluding as I passed along,
How foolish man's doings, much like a vain song—
Just a few sounding words, well graced with a tune—
A sound that is rolling and dies just as soon.

LXXVIII.

As onward mind motioned to national halls,
There—*Tekel!* God's fingers were marking the walls!
Now weighed in the balance and wantonly found,*
A message to mortals on probation ground.

LXXIX.

Inspiration has written—how vast is the scroll
The Spirit does witness! He cries, "Man, behold!"
And o'er vast creation vast marks we may trace.
God's finger has written—how deep the impress!

* Daniel, v : 26—28.

LXXX.

A world full of knowledge for man to engage,
Yet in man's great vision how faint is the shade!
We view man through lifetime—he don't like the firm;
He does not like mortal nor God here to learn.

LXXXI.

Say, man, are you ready to answer Death's call?
For Death soon will meet you, and then you must fall.
Soon in God's mighty name his chariot will roll;
His pathway we see it, his range we behold.

LXXXII.

He is armed with his forces, the wind is his car,
Like Jehu, rides swiftly, man's glory to mar;
And are you now ready, at this very hour,
Surprised in a moment by Death's mighty power?

LXXXIII.

How short is that period from childhood to man—
From childhood to manhood it seems but a span!
Go back to the ancients—Death's banner unfurled;
In all of the past time Death reigned o'er the world.

LXXXIV.

Come, go with us mortals on Time's golden horse;
Time had a beginning of undying worth.
As the bright gift of God, to man it was lent:
In this world by mortals how vain is time spent!

LXXXV.

In Adam's transgression this truth was maintained,
Then Death grasped his scepter and set up his reign;
Man death now inherits, in God's book 'tis penned,
And Death's rolling billows man cannot transcend.

LXXXVI.

We now speak of mortal, for this man has earned;
From dust unto dust again now man must return:
Man must be divested of that sacred life
Which God gave to Adam before mortal strife.

LXXXVII.

Man's natural condition in time gives the seal,
For here pain and sickness in mortal we feel;
In productive measure God's violated claim
Sank man into ruin whilst sin rose in fame.

BOOK XIII

I.

High in the scale of time I cast my thoughts around,
Within the name of God there is no empty sound;
Here Mercy calmly sways the empire of her grace,
For in the name of God there is a hiding place.

II.

Here God alone declares—the glorious truth is grand
In Wisdom's high display—salvation is for man,
His holiness the fan that sweeps the garner floor,
Whilst Jesus' love commands and calms the battle's
 roar.

III.

His goodness, all combined, is properly applied;
The sacred name of God forever must abide,
For Justice calmly stands, a scale to weigh the whole,
And keeps that record true which God alone unfolds.

IV.

But where's the engine power that moves the whole
 machine?
For in God's great design the strength is what we mean.
'Tis God's almighty power that balances the wheel
And promptly regulates in justifying deal.

V.

There is a respite given whilst grace and mercy deal,
But Justice holds his claims, and will not quit the field;
Behold he mounts his car God's word for to defend,
Whilst God's almighty power will force man to attend.

VI.

Would you excused be in that important hour,
Then come and prove thy strength, come now and test
thy power;
Command thy thoughts attend, enter the ancient world,
The blast of sin defend whilst God His judgments hurl.

VII.

Go stay the woful gust, God's great decrees reverse,
From caverns deep and clouds above go stop the mighty
gush,
Go stop the tide of air, lock up His treasures fast,
Or view the rolling scene, and stop the clouds that pass.

VIII.

Command his watery sieve to serve man's interest here,
To vegetate the earth, say to the drops appear,
Stay now the thunders roll, blow out the electric flash,
Or catch the thunderbolt and hush the mighty crash.

IX.

Say to the storm retire, command a vernal show,
Reverse the season's round, and guide the wheel below;
Go view the mossy earth, her caverns far beneath,
Lock up the electric gas, say to the earthquake cease.

X.

Go stay the burning flood, volcanic chimneys fill,
The laws that govern earth make subject to thy will;
Then mechanize begin, enlarge material earth,
Go strengthen all her chains, deal bountiful in birth.

XI.

Then mould and form her links, at insect race commence,
To bodies more refined proceed in God's defence;
Then spread thy hands abroad and touch each moving
 string,
And turn the mighty key that gives to life a spring.

XII.

Then view with watchful care the soverential tide,
And let the world declare thou canst for all provide;
Immortalize thyself, come change the present firm,
And stop the great decree, to dust thou shalt return.

XIII.

Go stay the whirling pool, the rolling ocean's tide,
The rivulets and streams, the pestilence besides;
Go lock the wheel of Time, command the starry plain,
Then publish everywhere, 'tis you, not God, that reigns.

XIV.

How feeble is thy strength, how little thou canst do,
Come drop into thyself, and to thy trust be true;
What folly to contend with Him that made the world,
And can again descend, and all to atoms hurl.

XV.

'Tis better for to stop, investigate this hour,
For soon the voice of death will demonstrate God's
power;
The summons you will hear in God's appointed way,
Go view the flood of Time down to the perfect day.

XVI.

What millions chained by death! Where is their glory
gone?
Let fame here tune her lyre, and sing her brilliant song;
The chant is for the giddy, the statesman's high applause,
Such no doubt they heed it and bow to God of wars.

XVII.

Go view the crowned on earth, whose wreath is dia-
monds gay,
To gain the great applause they in blood's torrent play,
They sport with lives of men, their object is renown,
They mortalize their name beneath the cannon's frown.

XVIII.

Their boasted hopes are vain here on the present firm,
For when they reach their hopes death serves them in
their turn;
But few have weighed the truth, war is a solemn scourge,
It proves a mighty fan appealing to God's word.

XIX.

Hark, 'tis the voice of fame, her ghost is roving there,
Where towering temples fell she sits now in despair,
Amidst decay and shame she sounds her savage horn,
Or tolls the fated bell to nations then unborn.

XX.

Go view man's worldly boast, the struggles which he
bears,
With zeal we see him gather, and with perplexing cares
The entire sum and portion of this his earthly field,
The hopes of but a fraction with untiring zeal.

XXI.

'Tis with unceasing labor till life and action wane,
Come view what he has gathered, and say what has he
gained ;
Though he has been successful on earth in his pursuit,
Enlarging all his barns and gathering his fruits.

XXII.

And now he's looking forward to fancied future years,
The orphans woes and widows, for them he has no tears,
Now soul come eat and drink, the love of gain aspire,
Heed not thy soul to-night of thee may be required.*

XXIII.

Go view man's great delusion, how vain the rabble's
court,
Man's greatest zeal in folly, his now enticing sport ;
Go view man's careless slumbers, his dreams of fancied
day,
Is this the great enchantment, from this man turn away.

* Luke, xii: 16—20.

XXIV.

Then view man's dying struggles, this is a dying world,
Come view death's mighty ocean, in which man soon is
hurled,
And view the widening streams, the evenness of pain,
And now death's rolling billows are sweeping o'er the
main.

XXV.

Go view death's crumbling vaults and man's corroding
clay,
How quick the echo there respond will not delay;
The great, the high, the poor, in sinking dust appear,
And where is all man's boast, his revenue of years?

XXVI.

Gone with the ancient flood, the waste of ages past,
With those that lived before to judgment scenes advance,
Christ's righteousness my own, this thought I wish to
test,
Give me my interest here, and what of all the rest?

XXVII.

This blessing let me share and His commandments keep,
They to the spirit sow shall of the spirit reap;*
In prospect let me share the spirit's high delights,
And in prophetic view let heaven roll in sight.

* Gallatians, vii : 8.

XXVIII.

Reader, to you, perhaps, enough now has been said,
And in God's holy book perhaps enough you've read;
Let this be less or more, one thing no doubt remains,
Within God's weighty voice of his eternal name.

XXIX.

His name is rolling high in accents everywhere,
All mortals soon must die, His solemn laws declare;
The deluge soon will come to crush the hopes of man,
Your fancied hopes will sink if built upon the sand.*

XXX.

Self-righteousness, O Man! † is but a slender thread,
A vain, delusive hope, 'tis like a spider's web;
Whilst God's triumphant ark will bear the soul on high,
Man's own frail, fancied bark in ruins soon will lie.

XXXI.

On your morality perhaps your hopes now rest,
Your language 'twill confound when God your works
 shall test;
Is this your Babel high, where fancied heaven lies? *
The sounding name of God will move you from the skies.

XXXII.

Go view the Lord a passing o'er Egypt's fertile plains,
Within His sovereignty He holds his mighty chains,
View Egypt's mighty hosts, I think I hear them say:
We never knew the Lord, § nor will we Him obey.

* Matt. vii: 26, 27. † Isaiah, lxiv: 6. ‡ Gen. xi: 7. § Ex. v: 2.

XXXIII.

And thus they are presuming, on carelessly they glide,
The rolling sea before them, and death stands by their
side,

Whilst Israel calmly rests within the bloodstained posts
The angel passing o'er slew Egypt's mighty hosts.

XXXIV.

How little did they think that God would pass along,
Their fertilizing lives in nature was so strong,
Nor dread the provocation* vain Corah did not care,
God opened earth beneath and sunk them in despair.

XXXV.

Go view the deadly sea, where careless Sodom stood,
And let thy thoughts discern† between the bad and good,
And learn the sample there God's vengeance o'er the
land,

Near where the fire descends of salt a pillar stands.‡

XXXVI.

Decide, for God commands, nor linger in the way,
When angels call thee on be ready to obey,
Nor cast a wishful look to this poor world of strife,
Haste to the mount of God. Lot, say—where's thy
wife?§

Hebrews, iii : 8. † Genesis, xix : 16. ‡ Luke, xvii : 32.

§ Genesis, xix : 17.

XXXVII.

Hear ancient kingdoms speak in their appointed reign,
View now the ancient world where God His right
 maintained,
He speaks the weighty curse, and God His word will
 keep,
The bounds which He has set how dare man overleap ?

XXXVIII.

Obey his sacred word, and on that word depend ;
This was an ancient rule, and will be to the end :
Nor dare the dreadful hour, for God will soon proclaim
The thunders of his power in his prophetic reign.

XXXIX.

If you do not submit and stoop to Mercy's reign,
There is no hope in God that you can entertain ;
But rolling judgments high, assayed in lightning's glare.
The voice of God on high, it bids you now beware.

XL.

'Tis his prophetic voice that trumpets o'er the world ;
In time he holds the reins and can his judgments hurl.
His name inscribed we view, 'twas seen before the flood,
And will thro' time appear—"Behold, for I am God!"

XLI.

In wonders deep and high He has his name declared ;
In pestilential form 'tis written in the air.*
The work of Death begins, and men their skill prepare ;
This truth alike confirmed will sink you in despair.

* Habakkuk, iii : 5, 6.

XLII.

To all that dwell on earth His sounding name will tell;
He brings his children home, sends others down to hell.
You cast your thoughts within, this solemn truth confirm,
You now are filled with fear and very much concerned.

XLIII.

His judgments lour around, are in the vaults of earth,
And at the voice of God they take their solemn birth;
They come at God's command to answer nature's strife
And serve the calls of God in taking mortal life.

XLIV.

When that creative voice in weighty thoughts arranged,
The vindications just, we think it nothing strange;
For vain is mortal boast in that decisive hour:
How limited is man in God's almighty power!*

XLV.

No thought the tide can stem when God his billow rolls,
Commanding thoughts attend that range between the
poles;
For God is reigning there, He summons to his sway;
The rolling tide appears and orders no delay.

XLVI.

Behold! He spake but once—atoms from chaos hurled,
And by his mighty power He made this lower world.
Here is thy mortal stay,—and is thy stay insured?
Look at the rails of life. Say, are they well secured?

* 1 Timothy, vi: 15, 16.

XLVII.

O'er ditches, streams and mire, o'er rivers deep and vast,
On, in conclusion, what are now thy timbers based ?
He spake—his voice is heard ; it is the law of Time—
It is the word of God, the index of the mind.

XLVIII

He thunders with his voice, the lightnings flash his name,
His operative wheels but motion to his fame ;
The changing seasons roll, they abrogate his sway ;
Prophetic truths unfold, Time hastens on its way.

XLIX.

The day of God is near, 'tis that tremendous hour ;
His judgments now appear—the dark forebodings lour.
Say, why this trembling here, this check along the way,
This sudden motion's rush, that indicates decay ?

L.

Why this inactive state, this cold and clammy sweat,
This lack of motion now—repairs why seek to get ?
The mighty, powerful God has lifted up his arm,
And now He brings to view this weighty dread alarm.

LI.

Oh, sinner, now prepare ! oh, nature, wait thy doom !
The judgment streams of God are centred in one flume.
He soon will lift the gate and omnipresent stand ;
His judgments earth must meet and bow at his command.

LII.

The Ancient of Days sits,* the present hour is come;
 'Tis well for sinners now to learn the mighty sum.
 The wine-press here is trod † by Him that plead man's
 cause; ‡
 Vain mortals, now attend in this defence of laws. §

LIII.

No other God but one, this truth He'll vindicate,
 For God alone is God, || He sits in high estate,
 His righteousness He pleads—sinners, where will you
 stand?
 That right He now maintains, and spreads it o'er the
 land.

LIV.

This truth alike confirmed in all its weighty sway,
 This is the fire that burns, and cannot be delayed;
 And here His justice stands, and bright His judgments
 hurl,
 God now alone commands, and reigns high o'er the
 world. ¶

LV.

And now again His love in grand delight must roll,
 Hell sinks and heaven sways her range between the poles,
 Then holy waters rise inmate some like the air,
 This is eternal life, as in God's word declared.

* Daniel, vii : 7, 10.

† Isaiah, lxiii : 3, 4.

‡ Rev. xix : 15.

§ Isaiah, viii : 22.

|| Mark, xii : 32.

¶ Psalms, xlvii : 7.

LX.

Is this the sacred day? The conquest is it gained,
When God displays his power in Christ's prophetic
reign?

The angel's flight appears, a chain now in his hand;
He stays the dragon here, his roving o'er the land!

LXI.

For quick his hellish sway on earth now disappears;
The angel God obeys, and binds a thousand years:
He then the gulf unlocks, he mocks the serpent's pride,
And in the vaults of hell he locks the subtle tide.*

LXII.

A veto on the earth is blessing all around:
Of sin, what is it worth, and sinners, on God's ground?
The tares shall prove his sway † in flowers that quick
devour;
The proud and wicked, too, are stubble in that hour, ‡

LXIII.

And will be brushed away as chaff or nature's scum!
Who will abide the day when God on earth shall
come? §
He comes in flaming fire || on whom his vengeance rests,
Who will not God obey, neither the gospel test.

* Revelation, xx : 2, 3. † Matthew, xiii : 20. ‡ Malachi, iv : 1

§ Malachi, iii : 2.

|| 2 Thessalonians, i : 8.

LXIV.

To purify the world and cleanse it from all sin,
 His righteousness at last his presence ushers in.*
 'Tis his sabbatic reign, the seventh thousand year,
 He comes to earth again, and sin must disappear.

LXV.

He comes to reign on earth—Zion must be redeemed ;
 Judgment and righteousness ascribed will be the theme.
 The fading leaf must wither, the strong like tow shall be,
 Transgressors and the sinner are both alike to thee.

LXVI.

And he who made them thus shall then become a spark,
 And both together burn,† and none shall quench or part ;
 Christ with an iron rod shall rule the nations then,
 With sword of his mouth ‡ he will his word defend.

LXVII.

His rolling judgments come. Who on earth shall stand ?
 The angel in the sun explains the scene at hand.§
 The thrones shall fade away and sink beneath his sway,||
 And mortals on the earth will then rise from decay !

LXVIII.

And with their Savior King they shall again appear,
 His holy priests on earth, and reign a thousand years.¶
 A harvest now of time, his saints shall reap its worth :
 Israel, behold thy King ! He reigns the God of earth.**

* Zephaniah, iii : 9. † Is i : 31. ‡ Rev. xix : 15. § Rev. xix : 17.

|| Daniel, vii : 9. ¶ Rev. xx : 6. ** Zech. xiv : 9.

LXIX.

His scepter shall abide in everlasting might,
 For time will disappear without a cloud or night.*
 Hail then the glorious day, farewell to sin and strife;
 Prophetic day appears, the sway of endless life.

LXX.

Nor never sink again beneath the woful curse;
 'Tis God that now commands and saves this fallen earth.
 Come, Israel, now prepared, enter the promised land; †
 The last was first, the first was last, and shall forever
 stand. ‡

LXXI.

An influence now is felt that moves to sacred awe,
 A calm and settled peace opposing that of war;
 The crimson tide no more shall stain or mar the ground
 And call for Abel's God§ to send his judgments down.

LXXII.

The sword that to man's pride caused nations for to bow,
 Whilst spears to pruning-hooks || shall serve in making
 plows.
 Behold that savage mind that prowled the forest o'er,
 Has learned to serve his God, and seeks to war no more.

LXXIII.

Behold the viper asp! No more its horrid fang
 Shall serve the laws of death in taking life of man.
 Behold the cockatrice, and let your thought attend:
 A child he will not hurt, though playing on its den. ¶

* Rev. xxi: 25. † Zech. viii: 8. ‡ Matt. xix: 30. § Gen. iv: 10.

|| Isaiah, ii: 4.

¶ Isaiah, xi: 8.

LXXIV.

The lion's fiercest rage no more on earth appears,
 Though it was like a flame, dreaded with many fears ;
 When fully tamed by God he folds his bloody claw,
 Has lost his savage mind, and goes to eating straw.*

LXXV.

In point of action here how pure must be that fount
 When nought that lives on earth shall hurt in all God's
 mount.

Here is a settled calm, for strife on earth is done ;
 Here is a flowing peace, the day of God begun.†

LXXVI.

The day of full release, its sacred dawn appears ;
 The seventh part of time, a sabbath now of years ;
 And God presides on earth, he tabernacles here ;
 The storms of earth are past, the jubel sun is clear.

LXXVII.

Kind reader, shall I stop and lay aside my pen ?
 The sacred time has come that does the past transcend,
 And Nature folds her cares and lays them on the breast
 Of Him that made the world and gives it now its rest.‡

LXXVIII.

Shall rolling years confirm, the answer shall it sway,
 That in the scale of time this is the perfect day ? §
 Shall greeting sounds arise in answer to the thought ?
 The holy God is kind, this glorious change he's wrought.

* Isaiah, xi : 7. † Rev. xi : 9. ‡ Isaiah, xi : 10. § Prov. iv : 18.

LXXIX.

Behold the truth confirmed in demonstrated lines,
In perpetual voice that God his name combines,
And in perpetual sway the testimony swells,
That gives the solemn weight and seals the vaults of hell.

LXXX.

Can mortals here be still ? Oh no, sure not in this !
They tune their sacred lyres in this unclouded bliss,
And harmonizing sounds thro' wide expanse of earth
Roll forth their sacred notes in concentrated birth.

LXXXI.

Thus sounds the echo high, and rings in arch above,
Then answered round the throne, God is a God of love,
He reigns high over all, his government is pure.
His kingdom now has come, on earth 'tis made secure.*

LXXXII.

Loud, loud the thunders roll, the voice of Heaven high
Ascriptions to His name that rules both earth and sky.
Heaven and earth attend, and swift the echo flies ;
The mighty waters roll, the thunder voice replies :

LXXXIII.

“ All glory, honor, praise to Him forever be
Who sits upon the throne and reigns eternity ! ”
Here, reader, I must stop ; I cannot touch the key—
I find myself, in truth, a mortal, as you see.

* Luke, xi : 2.

LXXXIV.

And thus a thousand years roll, and who can tell?
The angel's second flight unlocks the vaults of hell,
And from his dark abode Satan again appears
To try and test those souls who lived this thousand
years!

LXXXV.

For they must have their trial as those that lived before,
Who battled in the conflict on earth's accursed shore;
Then God again appears and meets this mighty horde,
Satan with all his host consigned to his abode.

BOOK XIV.

I.

Now Time is perfected in Jesus' reign,
And this earth has been freed from sin's burthened stain,
And all is completed in prophetic line,
Except eternity and the glorified mind.

II.

For Time its dark ages has passed as a flood,
Man still has his being and lives with his God,
Was saved from destruction in that gracious day,
When the wheat was matured and the chaff blown away.

III.

Now Time it is ended, with all its devotions,
As rivers and streams that are lost in the ocean;
So Time's gone forever, its waves are no more,
Now sunk with its glory and lost on that shore.

IV.

Eternity! Eternity! that infinite day,
God, glory, and heaven cannot pass away!
Now Man he has risen from refinement and care,
A glorified portion forever to heir.

V.

'Tis the prize held to view at the end of the race,
Man crowned with vast laurels in that holy place ;
The rewards of the just, 'tis their blissful state,
For which they have struggled in Time's great debate.

VI.

Earthly shadows no more will darken man's sky,
From the land of probation has risen on high,
Where being is blended with celestial light,
Man's passed from earth's regions to purer delights.

VII.

Man's gone to inherit the land of great gain,
Mercy, true to his trust, her promise maintains ;
She will open the door to her welcome guest,
And sign them their portion in that land of rest.

VIII.

Here I will use Infinite to represent weight,
For to settle forever a glorified state ;
Finite, it is bounded—Infinite is unknown,
Vast, boundless forever beyond what is shown.

IX.

Infinite, unbounded, beyond mortal view,
I wish that each reader would trace the thought through,
The thought it is mighty, 'tis lofty and great,
And settles forever God's own native state.

X.

Infinite in being that never began,
Infinite, unending, for ages to come ;
An infinite kingdom, an Infinite King,
And loyal those subjects that His praises sing.

XI.

An infinite power, and glory, and might,
Then an infinite world of supreme delight ;
An infinite heaven of joy and of peace,
Its rightful devotions, they never can cease.

XII.

The holy and the pure range this blissful station,
How changed now from Time, one vast duration !
The redeemed of the Lord a host there shall meet,
Here the good of all ages shall each other greet.

XIII.

How rich is their Father, their God, and their King !
All heaven's vast glories now centre in Him ;
Infinite provisions that man does enjoy,
One present eternity man's powers employ.

XIV.

In the glorified land, joyfully gliding,
Are rivers of pleasure forever abiding ;
Its streams are delightful in Mercy's great pasture,
Those unbounded joys possessed are his treasure.

XV.

There is now no limits that God can possess,
Now the fountain is full, there cannot be less ;
Man he need not look back to highten his joy,
Nor need he look forward in all his employ.

XVI.

In heavenly delights one comprehensive now,
In love's delightful pleasure they all gently bow ;
They reverence and adore, they taste heaven sweet,
In this land of union their bliss is complete.

XVII.

Now here I stepped forward and felt every shoal,
Each rock and each pebble I found was pure gold ;
I still hastened onward to view my estate—
All around on each side was gold without weight.

XVIII.

I stopped to view others ; but why, tell me why ?
There was no lack with any—each one shared as I ;
I again motioned forward, but still as before :
Gold without measure, no boundary nor shore.

XIX.

These endless resources man with Christ must share,
The reason assigned is because he's an heir,
A son now adopted on Jesus's plea,
The law Christ has answered, and man he is free.

XX.

Before man had fallen obedience was merit,
God could not ask more to the law and inherit;
Man he now is restored, and therefore inherits,
Thus faith is trustworthy in Jesus's merits.

XXI.

In life's pleasant scenery here onward man glides,
Here love's swelling pleasures will ever abide,
For onward and onward the motioned tide flows,
Man's joy is immortal, no boundary knows.

XXII.

Perpetual and free are those scenes that delight,
Those celestial glories that dazzle the sight;
Their unbounded fullness who can comprehend?
All Time's transient glories these glories transcend.

XXIII.

A key now arrived at that vibrates and moulds,
In rapture unmeasured, or measured by souls,
Heaven's joyful delights in perpetual swell,
It is man's great portion I fail now to tell.

XXIV.

Should angelic songsters the story repeat,
Their sublimest language would fail to complete,
In high still ascending, that holds mind at bay,
In rapturous emotions that God alone sways.

XXV.

Infinite in measure implies something more,
A wave yet unbounded, beyond all before ;
Thus onward, still onward, on this lovely shore,
Enlarged streams are flowing, as viewed heretofore.

XXVI.

Still onward, still onward, our vision is met,
Yet still in bright glory there is something yet ;
O how delighted each soul here must be,
In visions of glory so boundless and free.

XXVII.

All above was radiant, and shone very bright,
Must forever shine clearer to man's ravished sight ;
Its effulgent beamings now admit a ray,
A brighter reflection to any past day.

XXVIII.

Man's members are perfect, the eye it can see,
Without this reflection that could never be ;
The ear it can listen, the scope it is found,
In heaven's sweet music, in harmonious sounds.

XXXIX.

And the soul it can taste and relish these joys,
And every fine feeling no doubt God employs ;
The scene now completed and held to our view,
Man's bliss here is perfect, for God He is true.

XXX.

Now each act and motion is a bright display,
And gives their testimony, that goes for to say—
God is true to the last as true at the first,
As true in all ages as God He is just.

XXXI.

“Hallelujah and glory to our sovereign King!”
In waves of devotion then rose from each string;
It rolled off o’er heaven, and echoed above,
A high, swelling motion, the products of love.

XXXII.

Then Mercy shed on us her then richest boon,
It was full, ’twas complete in heaven’s high doom;
’Twas immortal measure, a wave that must roll,
An ocean of pleasure, the crown ’tis the gold.

XXXIII.

The scene was triumphant when Love drew his cord,
Then every thought centered alone then in God;
All heaven completed now centres in Him,
And rolls back forever in life’s living stream.

XXXIV.

I heard a voice echo, I catch with delight,
What God has done for us has all been done right;
I saw all immortals o’er heaven’s vast plain,
Each endorsed the fact, then subscribed his name.

XXXV.

And ah ! what a host here of immortal names !
What a harvest from the earth on their Christian fame
With seraphs and angels all clothed then in white,
A sharing God's bounties with supreme delight.

XXXVI.

Their names were enrolled then, and put on the list,
No one that was present would have his name missed
Then with mighty praises arched heaven did ring,
As angels and seraphs and saints join to sing.

XXXVII.

'Twas like mighty waters or thunders that sound,
It rolled off through heaven and echoed around,
'Twas solemn devotion, a sound rolling high,
Inspired from such causes that never can die.

XXXVIII.

Those courses immutable in Love's boundless tide,
From that boundless ocean a fountain doth glide,
It rolls on forever, 'tis life's crystal stream
John beheld from the throne of God and the Lamb.

XXXIX.

The scene was transcendant, in beauty it shone,
In God's great residence, the saints' lovely home ;
'Tis their range forever, they there eat and drink
Of the fruit from Life's Tree that grows on its brink.

XL.

Love here made a motion that touched Jesus' fame,
Aspiration was so great it rose to a flame,
How bright were the glories that from God did shine,
It shone out most brilliant to radiate mind.

XLI.

Each as one caught the thought, none seemed to delay,
Then grateful emotions did immortals sway,
Everlasting honors to Jesus we bring,
In high hallelujahs to our sovereign King.

XLII.

O Calvary! Calvary! we mingle the thought
With Christ's own agony, there our bliss was bought;
And then in the garden His blood stained the earth,
That we here in heaven might enjoy its worth.

XLIII.

We bring grateful praises to His sovereign name,
The Beasts and the Elders then shouted Amen!
Just here heavenly anthems broke forth to a swell,
In hight of devotions that no tongue can tell.

XLIV.

Here heaven we view now, and bliss without end,
In transcendent glories that never were penned,
Bursting forth in its splendor and holy delight,
With unfading beauties that give charms to sight.

XLV.

No thought can e'er grasp it, nor ages pursue,
To open the future and bring to our view
The glories and beauties locked up far beyond,
Where finite unaided can never transcend.

XLVI.

Unending duration its tide cannot waste,
On infinite power alone it is based;
It commences its being when we leave earth's fair,
With us a beginning when we enter there.

END OF THE GREAT CONTEST.

THE POETICAL LAMP;

A PORTRAIT OF

8189

Christian Experience,

AND

CHARACTER OF THE NATURAL MAN:

LIKEWISE

AN ADMONITION TO THE READER, SHOWING THE SHORT-
LIVED AND UNSATISFYING NATURE OF ALL
EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.

BY REV. AMASA GRAVES,

AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED "THE GREAT CONTEST: OR, CHRIST'S VICTORY."

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PREFACE.

THESE poems are not written to please fancy, but with a design to benefit the reader; therefore, it is hoped that he will study each one with particular care, and get the sentiments contained therein; and if the sentiment be right, endorse it by thorough practice: likewise, where these poems present character contrary to that of right, you will see at once the design of the writer is not to ridicule character, but that in viewing the skeleton the principles of right may be shadowed forth for the self-same purpose, and I hope that each reader will see and avoid the wrong, and embrace that which is right. Above all, do not read my poems with a design to ridicule my composition, for if you do your trifling sense may cheat you, and you will fail to receive the benefits designed by the writer. If any should fail in this respect, the object and design of the writer will be lost.

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THE POETICAL LAMP.

MAN'S MORAL CHARACTER.

BY THE LIGHT AND FROM NATURE DRAWN.

Kind friend, awake and hail the day,
Lift your curtain, admit the ray,
Open those shutters so long closed
Through the past night of sweet repose;
Welcome the day at its first dawn,
Inhale the healthy air of morn;
Nature now smiles, enrobed in green,
Light invites you to the scene;
Does Nature portray your moral sphere,
In heaven's light reflected clear?
Are you as free from guilt this hour
As that pure opening, smiling flower?
Come and familiarize your life,
Are you as free from moral strife
As Nature's admired form is right?
In a moral point of light
Take no dislike to what I say,
A borrowed light reflects its ray.
If I were to present to you
A light my own 'twould not be true;
I simply hand to you a lamp
Bearing no other than heaven's stamp;
May it reflect and point the way,
And lead you to the realms of day.

Natural Scenes: Time Ends, The Soul Lives On.

Time's onward rush fashions and gives to Nature sway,
Ripens vast millions for the judgment day,
Bids us mount the stage and on the earth appear,
Then sudden to retire and sink back in the rear.

A bright and brilliant sun measures Time's own space,
Earth bids him rise and hasten to his setting place;
Forever ready his maker to obey,
He scatters night and brings a welcome day.

I have arisen, traveled o'er the rugged steeps of earth,
And must I set again from whence I rose at first?
And must I there in Death's dark hour remain,
Till called to rise never to set again?

The sun will fade, the moon will cease to shine,
The stars must fall with all on end of Time,
But oh! the soul's expanse, immortal state,
Unfolds in beauty thus immensely great.

The joyous scenes that to the blest belong
Will then be ours to tune our mighty song;
And whilst ten thousand ages onward roll,
Immortal youth will deck the happy soul.

Then, O my soul, turn from all mortal scenes,
Muse on my thoughts, immortal pleasures glean;
Rest down, ye spirits, in your heavenly light,
With my anxious spirit your kindred thoughts unite.

I hope to meet you soon, unvailed in yonder skies,
Then to the blest abode on joyous pinions rise,
To greet the happy throng in hallelujahs high,
And sing in unknown tongue the anthems of the sky.

Man's Opposition to Right : What Grace Effects.

Each generation seems to vie
As each preceding wave,
As billows from the deep they rise,
Then sink into the grave.

Man often wastes his powers and choice
As wisdom's ways decide,
He seldom listens to that voice
That shows he needs a guide.

Is Adam hiding from his God
Amldst the beams of day,
So Man's contending from the fall
With each presenting ray.

Self is the needle-pointed steel,
And marks the actor's course,
It gives the circle, forms the wheel,
And self decides its force.

There is a grain of millions worth
In mountain mole and hill,
Man's mind in nature has its birth,
And all the world it fills.

How much soever 'tis admired,
On earth it doth abound,
And that which rightly is applied,
How little can be found.

Ambition may with pomp and pride,
As statesmen, take the floor,
As oft the fate of war decides,
Fall in the bloody gore.

The Spirit's birth, if once enjoyed,
Will always mould the will,
Ambition in the shade it hides,
And all around is still.

Love moulds the passions of the mind,
Subscribes its rule and choice,
And in full practice has designs
In action, thought and voice.

Thus may you hold your passions still,
If love in Christ you heir,
If all is subject to His will,
Nothing is hateful there.

No hatred can possess the mind
If Christ is reigning there,
Each wish then speaks in action kind,
Inviting all to share.



MAN'S WORDS STAMP HIS CHARACTER.

Look to thy words, what are they worth,
As they are rushing into birth ;
Now are they chosen with much care?
Look out ! of Satan's schemes beware !

Our words and actions must be weighed
In wisdom's scales of every grade,
Then to the judgment seat they go,
Their weight and value for to know.

If false or true, that or the other,
If false are lighter than a feather,
If true approved when brought to light,
Acquitted if our words are right.

Our neighbors may be wrong, 'tis true,
For who are right are very few ;
We need not justify nor tell,
To let alone is just as well.

The wrongs of others, if made known,
Take care you do not touch your own,
Though others may but think you right,
Perhaps they judge for want of sight !

But there's an eye that sees and knows,
And will the wrongs of all disclose,
And at the judgment read them to
Assembled worlds, not to a few.

GOD IS LOVE : SOUL, TRUST IN HIM.

God, He is lovely, 'tis
His nature and His name ;
'Tis His title from above—
Earth doth evince the same.

His gifts unspeakable
Delight the mind—how free,
His ways to man unequalled !
'Tis true He visits me.

The calls of mercy sounding
Attend His working voice ;
Your ways perhaps ungrounded ;
Come, seek a better choice :

Obey His word with pleasure ;
You need not ever fear :
Come, seek a heavenly treasure,
And up to Canaan steer.

The way is mild and pleasant,
And blooming prospects give,
And all around is fragrant—
Come, in His favor live !

The peace, as well as beauty, !
That rises to your view,
Are gained by laws of duty,
As faith divines to you.

Soul, never doubt His promise—
His presence He will give ;
Come, then, yourself be honest,
And meekly with Him live.

If darkened is your vision,
Beholding through a glass,
And though some make derision,
You'll meet in heaven at last.

THE WRITER'S TRUST IN GOD.

Redeeming love, with all its hopes,
Still condescends to point me up,
Where heavenly beauties always flow,
Which to my mind no bounds do show.

My ardent zeal is often there,
By faith I always claim a share,
And may my prayer forever be,
O Lord, fit me to reign with thee.

Come, Holy Spirit, I pray confine
Thy heavenly image to my mind,
O let thy love in this pursue,
My feeble mind to form anew.

Now look on me with quickening power,
Prepare me to meet this hour,
In love and fellowship to please,
And ask for others as well as me.

I must confess I am but dust,
It is from Thee I draw my breath,
I'm but a worm, a creeping thing,
Which hangs on nature's feeble string.

Yet, Lord, to Thee my thoughts arise,
My muse unfolds, mounts up the skies ;
Born by the hand of mysteries,
God's love to us how plain it is.

I wonder why we are so dull,
When this way we know so well,
The road which leads to endless rest,
A portion here we now possess.

Still let us view vain, mortal man,
How few his days, how soon outrun,
An immortal mind made pure at first,
Lies floating here within the dust.

Confined within this narrow cell,
My feeble mind doth know it well,
But oh ! how piercing is the shock,
No key but death will it unlock.

But soon my maker, God, will come,
To turn the key and take me home,
With Him forever more to reign,
Where peace and joy shall know no pain.



THE USE OF TIME AND MONEY.

Time is money. Is it so ?
If you take the gospel rule,
If you wish this fact to know,
It may prove you but a fool.

The unjust judge thought to ensure,
His chiefest good was eat and drink,
Enlarged his barns this to secure,
On his vast bounties live and think.

He little thought that very night
To reckon up and count his loss,
To prove it in a future light,
That earthly riches are but dross.

The miser loves to hug his purse,
Because it is his chief delight,
Though it may prove the greatest curse,
He vainly fancies he is right.

Officials, with their lofty birth,
Regard it not our country's fate,
Are false, unworthy of their trust,
The recent struggle this relates.

Money ! money ! is their cry,
Amidst the scenes of strife and gore,
Let others live, let others die,
Their thirst is for the cursed ore.

Farmers and citizens, to-day,
Virtue and honor, Christian worth,
With golden shadows run away,
May sell their honor for the purse.

The gifts of God, His bounties here
Are worth our care, served in their place,
But when misused it does appear
Is used by man to his disgrace.

A PRESENT TESTIMONY OF GOD'S FAVOR.

What of all that's past ?
The present time, 'tis now,
Do I his love now feel,
And sweetly to Him bow.

Am I averse to ill,
And sinful thoughts disdain ?
Do I contentment feel,
And smile at earthly pain ?

There is a sacred joy
That none ~~that pass me see,~~
Effects of Jesus' power,
To set my spirit free.

A present rest, that's sure,
In which all should unite,
A prop that saves the poor,
And much the mind delights.



CONTINUAL SUPPLY OF GRACE NECESSARY.

Now each advancing day,
Its labor and its ways,
Calls for a new supply,
Free grace, O give it, says.

To quench my ardent thirst,
When bending for to pray,
Command the sword I must,
My enemies to slay.

The victory to win,
Again in Jesus' name,
To fly and kiss the son,
My active powers now frame.

Led on by active zeal,
With faith's attractive eye,
Must never quit the field
Till sin's dark colors fly.

'Tis then my thoughts begin
To count a Saviour's love,
Or lean upon His breast,
Agaze on things above.

And thus from day to day
My meat and drink is sure,
He turns the proud away,
But feeds the humble poor.



PRAYER--THE EFFECTS PRODUCED.

Now in the morn let saints retire,
And bow before Thy seat,
To contemplate Thy sacred word,
Will find a sweet retreat.

On bended knees, and meekly there
Thy word all plain and true,
They view that star that shines so clear,
It lights their path anew.

They view that road that leads to rest,
They drink those joys that flow,
Their souls do know His love is best
Than all the things below.

Forsake the world, pursue thy choice,
His love to me is sweet,
In meditation hear His voice,
And bow and kiss His feet.

Move on thy steps and gain those hights
Which love's strong passion claims
Let vision lead faith's quickening sight
To yonder heavenly plains.

Tread down thy foes, leap over death,
Gird up thy mind with truth,
Nor fear to leave thy mortal fame,
Stained by the sins of youth.

FAITH TRIUMPHS.

Now faith's retired notions
Is not misguided passions,
It comes along the way,
The Spirit's intercessions.

CHORUS:—Hail! peaceful, all-glorious,
Deign now and come near,
Thou brightest of suns,
My soul for to cheer.

Within these shattered walls
Thou livest not secure,
But points unto a mansion high,
Eternal to endure.

CHORUS.

Thou talkest of delights,
But not in earthly charms,
They are such as vision sights,
Held out in Jesus' arms.

CHORUS.

When meditation sweetly moves,
Love holds a pleasing theme,
Its portion glimmers from above,
And death rolls just between.

CHORUS.

Then active sons, spring up!
These charmings still pursue,
Those pleasing themes now sup,
Which love makes ever new.

CHORUS.

Press on unto the last,
This mist of death what why,
The faithful soul will pass,
And then to glory fly.

CHORUS.

To dwell where Jesus reigns,
The charmer of the soul,
Up on those pleasant plains,
Where love's soft winds control.

CHORUS.

Desire of the Writer Enjoying the Divine Favor.

Give me the grace I always need,
Those mercies that endure,
On those vast glories may I feed,
His word alone secures.

'Tis what my soul delights to prove,
The strength of Jesus' love,
That though on earth I may but rove,
To know my hope above.

How sweet His love I wish to taste,
And know my pardon free,
To fully comprehend His grace,
And know He died for me.

That when on earth my work is done,
And my release is come,
In life's short race the prize I've won,
And know my welcome home.

Home what a prize may I but find
Beyond death's swelling flood,
And fully then my life resign,
May I enjoy my God.

No mortal eye nor heart conceives,
Whilst roving here below,
In God laid up to be revealed,
The joys His saints shall know.

THE NECESSARY CONDITION OF EACH.

Let all your homes be clean and bright,
'Tis best, 'tis right, to have it so,
'Twill make your little burthens light
With you on earth where e'r you go.

Now gentle, kind, and loving be,
'Tis better for this world of ours,
From envy, hate, and anger flee,
And elevate your noble powers.

Within the vail of mercy rest,
Shut in from storm and passion wild,
Let mercy reign within your breast,
Acknowledge God and be His child.

Sometimes deception gathers 'round,
Then fancy tells us all is right,
Then pride and natural wrongs abound,
Which veils and mystifies the sight.

'Tis then we think we have the best
In us that Nature can afford,
But when we come to give it test,
It proves too much like Jonah's gourd.

Beware that no dislawful gain
Shall master now your youthful minds,
And stern deception hold the reins
In all your future life's designs.

This from a friend to all around,
To those that's noble, noble be,
May you be one of those the Son
Who once set free, are free indeed.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is the happiest lot that mortals can enjoy,
In Christ they may possess a peace that earth cannot
destroy,

A sacred peace He can bestow,
Which cheers and gladdens man below.

Man's life does not consist in things he may possess,
Christ's disciple most beloved was leaning on His breast,
May I enjoy that sacred sweet,
Or sit with Mary at His feet.

My ransomed powers alike to these He has a right,
The power I now possess, tho' 'tis but just a mite,
'Tis all the Lord was pleased to give,
And all He's willing to receive.

I court not Dives' vast riches, the gold of Ophir, no,
Though had I these to give 'tis better to obey,
Lord now receive my heart's return,
On which the sacred fire burns.

Now all we have, and are, the cattle on the hills,
This world belongs to God, with all its fullness filled,
'Tis just from all, 'tis certain right,
He should receive the widow's mite.

The Elder crowned above, they sit upon their seats,
In heavenly glory decked, their crowns lay at His feet,
Crying amidst their glory raid,
All honors to His name be paid.

O, could I now but tell man's obligations here,
Its weight may rest on man to love, adore, and fear,
The God of life alone can know,
For 'tis from Him all blessings flow.

Awake, rise up, give thought, come soul my muse attend,
Thy work when thoroughly wrought is sure to have an
end,
Live right, live holy, just and pure,
Then life His favor will secure.

This world is sure to flatter whilst fancy courts to please,
These luring scenes what matters may sing a song of
ease,
This fond enchantment lures the mind,
And seeks to turn from God's design.

My God, let me but know those emanating charms,
That through my Jesus always flow to those within His
arms,
Let me contentment now enjoy,
That all the world cannot destroy.

GOD AND HIS PROVIDENCE.

Thou art one vast and infinite,
Beyond the stretch of mortal sight,
Powerful as yet beyond unknown,
Marks the triumph of thy throne.

There is a vail unpierced as yet,
From mortal view, where God He sits,
To turn the wheel which always links
With providence, as viewed we think.

Where mortal vision pleased may scan,
And trace the motion of God's hand,
Where man may read, and learn, and know,
What God is willing man to show.

What lays beyond man cannot know,
Where finite vision cannot go,
To pierce the vaults unlocked, unknown,
Where infinite there sits enthroned.

From which one ray dispels our night,
And brings God's gifts to mortal sight;
The form is lovely, the stamp is true,
In Jesus set before our view.

We sit or bow just at thy feet;
Suited to man is this retreat—
In confidence and holy trust
Thy gifts to share and know their worth.



OUR THOUGHTS—THEIR VALUE:

How endearing are our thoughts !

A childlike fondness, they

May linger round the mind,

And with us often stay.

But are they right? May they control

And guide the passions of the soul?

Choice of thought to us

Is infinite in worth.

May objects pass aright

To give them solemn birth;

To measure way with rule of right divine!

To choose the good is vast in worth as mind.

We fancy others may admire

And equally esteem,

And hastily we announce their sire

And of their merits dream;

But are they pure in Mercy's eye,

And when disclosed a moral worth imply?

The mind, a gem of endless worth,

Let Mercy urge her claim,

Descendant of a purer birth

Than sinful nature frames;

The Spirit's voice does often tell—

To choose aright is always well.

Then why in choice to choose

The good thus vacillate,

Since thus to choose aright

Is endless, great,

A title to estate above,

A land of joy, a world of love?

LOVE. THE GREATEST GIFT OF GOD.

Love, love, abundant Christian love,
This is the mandate from above;
Love duty, love the pleasing task,
The mercy seat approach and ask.
Love, love is boundless, 'tis the spring,
The ocean wave arose in him
Who sways the scepter, gives the nod
That made your heaven—he is God.
Love's lovely motion, vital joy,
How captivating! sweet employ!
It animates the hosts above;
Joyful motion! it is love!
Love, love! how sacred 'tis to love!
First bloomed this blossom far above,
Unfolding in the sacred thought
Its finest tinsels God hath wrought;
Its bloom is in a joyful life,
But never in a mind of strife;
It often grows where peace abounds,
Thus in the humble heart 'tis found.
Love's lovely bloom in paradise
Was blasted by the winds of strife;
The thought of greatness to excel,
The Serpent's voice obeyed must tell.
A world thus doomed, in beauty dressed,
To thorns and thistles, pain and death!
The tree of life was guarded here,
Love's lovely bloom then disappeared,

Till in the promise which was given,
'Twas Christ, the very type of heaven!
Again thus planted on our coast,
Attended by a heavenly host;
And all on earth who wish to go
May heir its beauty here below.
The hand of faith this plant divides,
It takes a branch from Jesus' side,
And plants it in the humble breast—
Act of the Spirit, 'tis no less.
Your time and being, may it tell;
Possess this blossom, use it well,
Mature it with a gentle hand,
For you are in the Serpent's land.
No beauty equalled by the light,
No gem or diamond shines so bright,
In time producing fading earth,
Eternity must tell its worth;
Yet 'tis intrusted to our care,
The mind its finest tinsels bear;
'Tis God's own image—glorious beam!
Its radiant brightness Heaven's theme!
The elements of Heaven above,
In God, in glory—all is love!
Without it but a state of death,
Though mortals all the world possess.
Then this great gift in time mature:
The want of it can you endure?
'Tis cheap, 'tis easy to obtain—
Ask and believe in Jesus' name;
Receive, mature and cultivate,
Possess, anjoy this high estate:

The poor, the rich, the great, the wise,
Here is a chance to gain a prize.
No vain excuse ; let each be first :
Come and enjoy its endless worth,
In priceless value far untold,
Exceeding far the finest gold,
No equal can on earth be found !
All knowledge but an empty sound—
All gifts and loyal sacrifice,
They cannot purchase such supplies ;
Earth radiated, dressed in bloom,
Cannot equal in perfume,
Nor spread a feast of any kind
As love when planted in the mind.
“ My little ones, for them I plea,
For those that love are loved by me.
I’m kind to all, affectionate ;
Those that submit shall heir estate.
I came to benefit the poor,
In me their wants are all secure ;
I’ll feed them in a dreary land
With bounties from my Father’s hand ;
I’ll give them what their wants require.
But will not feed man’s vain desire ;
I seek to please and to redress
The wants of those that love me best ;
A glorious state, my revenue,
And those enjoy it are but few :
The proud, the vain in self-delight,
They will not come though I invite.
The Prodigal enjoyed my feast
When from his poverty released,

Make welcome by such rich supplies,
His wretched state did not disguise.
His Father kindly met his child,
Received him with a loving smile—
Love's sweetest gifts untold in worth
For benefits when found on earth.
His Father's love he did possess,
'Twas more than language could express :
It was a bright and glowing charm
That did the Prodigal no harm—
A star as radiant as the sun ;
In fact it is a heavenly one,
In principle it is divine,
A heavenly gem—'tis God's own mind ;
For God is love, and his love sways,
He is the Ancient of all days,
And has a right to sit at first
And sway his scepter over earth,
Maintain his rights as God of Love
To rule this earth and heaven above,
To plant the standard of renown,
His loyal ones with love to crown,
To gather gems from every clime,
To radiate each lovely mind,
Then to transplant them far on high,
To bloom where love can never die ;
In that loved land of perfect rest,
There God's own love shall each possess,
And range those fields all dressed in white,
In token of supreme delight,
To eat and share God's great supplies,
There crowned with glory in the skies,

Where Faith to sight shall joyful rise,
And Hope in full fruition dies :
Then Charity shall still remain—
The gift, the joy of endless gain.

CHANGE PRODUCED AT REVIVAL.

Now understand what I here say :
Once beamed a spark of glimmering day,
And as we gazed upon its rays
It burst into a broader blaze,
Till the whole world was widely touched,
And all creation shone as such.
Awake, my muse, and see how far
This barren world has had a share.
The glimmering rays of light divine
From Adam's day through the vast time,
And as we count its progress o'er,
This orbit light begins to pour
From Lapland's cold and frozen clime
To India's shores how bright it shines !
Just see how much through these vast wilds
The savage mind has caught its smiles :
Count o'er its numbers we have here ;
Look at these stars that shine so clear,
Whose borrowed rays from God's own Son
Measurably shine to every one.
Happy days that once did dawn,
And in its progress swept off forms,
To bring its radiant, peaceful light
Down to our understanding right,

That sin might die, its death destroy,
And give a holy, happy joy—
A title to a better world,
Whose glorious banner love unfurls.

MAN'S PLACE AND TRIAL.

This earth, the place we occupy at first,
The scale in which we have our birth;
Man's mortal state, where he must dwell,
The door to heaven, the gate to hell!

A place for pain, a place for joy,
A space in time we may employ
To gain the fount of endless bliss,
Or sink into hell's dark abyss,
To writhe in pains of endless death!

But it is God who placed us here,
And He it is we ought to fear:
He made the earth, upholds it all—
'Twas man's rebellion made man fall!

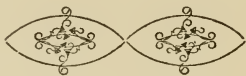
Some on the earth do fear their King,
And nobles talk of little things;
But Christ is mine, thus let it be
From this time forth, eternally.

A TRAITOR'S NAME.

I would not prove a traitor's name
For earthly glory or its fame,
Nor Judas' grief nor piercing thought
When Judas sold his Lord for nought!

Nor earthly gifts, however great,
With Solomon his vast estate;
Yet Lázarus' portion—tell me why?
A crown of joy when called to die!

That would repay in every form
Of winter's cold and pelting storm,
And bring a calm and sweet repose
As summer comes on winter's close



FORMALITY.

Formality stalks and makes his tracks,
Which Christians ought to shun ;
Now in the church are many blanks
By her may say undone.

She walks at ease, but has no light
Within herself to guide ;
She folds her hands just as she please,
And fills herself with pride.

Now, who in life dare trust to her ?
She holds no strength nor power ;
At present now her pleasure is,
But dies in adverse hour.

Come, Christians, now we'll learn to know
Through tribulations deep ;
And Christ to follow here below
Is apt to groan and weep.

But heaven is ours—we're not dismayed ;
This legal hope we'll share,
Since God's for us and we are free,
Born immortal heirs.

TIME OUTLIVES EVENTS.

Oft fancy paints upon the mind
Her brilliant hues of various kind ;
But Time its chill and piercing blast
Sweeps every vestige of the past.

In every path there is a show
Of footsteps dreary as they go ;
And though they oft are strewn with tears,
Are covered up in lapse of years.

The shallow winds that often sound
Whilst passing by the lonely mound,
With moaning loud may whisper on,
And sing the melancholy song.

The hour of night is drawing near :
Suppress thy sighs and dry thy tears !
The sun in western world will sway,
And nature dies and fades away.



THE ESTIMATE OF CHRISTIAN DUTY.

Behold a beggar at your door—
Has begged, and still he asks for more :
With tears a-streaming from his eyes,
He asks for charitable supplies.
Your sympathies are on the stage,
Which do your powers at once engage ;
From evidencee you have received
You hasten and his wants relieve ;
Then from your cupboard standing by
You hasten with a rich supply.
A loaf of bread you hand him now ;
Smiling he makes a pleasant bow,
And not at all inclined to stay,
He quickly hastens on his way :
With tearful face, as heretofore,
He calls again at the next door.
Curiosity prompts you too withal—
“ Why should he make a second call ?
I'll quickly to my neighbor go,
To know the reason why 'tis so.”
You enter in just as he said,
“ At the next door I bought this bread !”
You start with wonder and surprise
At his fond way of telling lies.
“ Your assertion, sir, I can't believe,
For no equivalent did I receive.
That loaf of bread I gave to you,
For to relieve your wants, 'tis true,
But not a penny did you give
For all the benefits received.”

“Did I not beg and ask—for what?
This loaf of bread is what I got.”
“Yes, to be sure I know ’tis true;
Moved by some cause I gave to you.”
“Begging is all I gave—and what?
The scale is balanced, is it not?”
“Yes, I grant it, by-the-by,
Yet no equivalent from you have I.
I acknowledge if you had not begged
I shouldn’t have given you that bread.”

Just so with every Christian guest:
Ask and receive, and thus possess.
God asks no more, and He will give
Without equivalent received;
But you must ask a rich supply
Or you will famish, starve and die!
All works, when viewed held in the light,
Is viewing works and faith just right.
Ask its requisite to receive,
And God will all your wants relieve.
Ask whilst you live on earth below,
And God will bless in doing so.
This is the rule He has devised
For you to win and gain the prize.
What otherwise could you do more
Than beg and ask, and grace implore?
To others evidence the same,
Thus glorify God’s holy name.
God will approve and say “Well done!”
To all his true and faithful ones;
For thus your talents were employed:
“Come, enter now into my joy.”

MAN, AN HEIR TO TROUBLE.

Man that is of woman born
Hath few days and trouble much ;
As flowers appear in morn
He passeth away as such.

Dost thou his visage behold—
Strength, beauty and hope ;
Whilst you look on it unfolds—
Continue to look how he stoops !

To merriment scenes of earth,
Passing their shadowy forms,
How soon he moves from his birth
To fall by the gathering storm !

On such can you fearlessly look,
And him judgment then bring ?
Let one try ever so much,
How can he change the unclean ?

'Tis God alone can impart
A pardon for all of our sins ;
Faith banishes every doubt,
Grace reigns triumphant within.

Nature Does Not Warrant What Grace Effects.

This is a day of trouble—
Its nominant is plain;
Its joys, much like the bubble,
That breaks by force of wind.

Now in the time to mention
The day is but a flight;
Its dawn begins to enter,
And then clouds o'er with night.

So in the fields of nature
New objects do appear;
Then soon with storm and winter
They pass in following years.

Hark! Nature heaves a sigh!
It breaks from yonder breeze;
The stormy minutes fly
Across the fading leaves.

Now darkness, storms and winter
Are more than summer's day;
This world is but an enter,
And soon will pass away.

But there's a glorious day,
Its bright immergence true;
As God's own word doth say,
There joys are ever new.

Now, nature we must pass,
And if by nature's God
Brought into heaven at last,
It is through Jesus' blood.

Just look at dying nature !
See how it fades our youth ;
Then ask me what is better
Than to obey the truth.

The truth of that assertion
Held up in Christian reign :
From nature's heavy burdens
You must be born again.

This takes the veil away,
Imparts a pleasing light,
And shines a clearer ray
Than nature's fading sight.

The dawn of youthful years,
The spring of nature's mirth,
Has not such joys as these
Brought forth into its birth.

No,—such delights as these
Are not of nature's growth—
From higher courts of pleas
Of infiniter worth.

They form and make the man,
They constitute his laws ;
From heaven they now descend
And teach the plainest cause.

Rest for God's People—Not for the Wicked.

Glorious rest in Jesus' reign—
His saints' delight—'tis Christian fame !
His saints he'll welcome to this rest,
With them their faithfulness the test.
To this their title is as sure,
If they unto the end endure,
As Christ his Spirit from above
Can crown and save the souls he loves.
Then be assured without a doubt
That you in Christ shall reign throughout
A glorious long eternity !
Shut up in Christ you will be free ;
In Christ's own kingdom, glorious then,
Unfading crowns with richest gems,
Arrayed in robes forever white,
We'll share with him supreme delight.
Come, all the world—come, be sincere,
And to my thoughts now lend an ear ;
Come, pause awhile and learn to see
Here is a rest from misery—
A rest that always feels His love—
A rest that all the world may prove—
A rest that bears the soul on high—
To rest in Christ without a sigh !
Now, if my soul is born above,
I shall not sigh for want of love ;
And when brought into love's retreat,
I shall not say 'tis not complete.

This spacious world must roll its last,
Enwapt with fire to chaos pass ;
But love in Christ, of which I speak,
Will be a shelter for the weak.
Then Justice sudden will appear,
Proclaim his voice, for all will hear,
And each as one on breadth and space
Must come and pass the solemn test.
What was our work in gone-by days ?
His flaming eye with power says :
And with one breath of fire he sweeps
Those rebel souls down awful steep.
There, deep in chains of black despair,
And robes of guilt forever wear !
The reason why no doubt you see :
“ You would not my loyal subjects be !
But now my people shall not wait.
Fly open, doors ! lift up, ye gates !
Ye saints of glory, enter in,
Borne up from hell and dark'ning sin.”

Man's Life Compared to the Grass of the Field.

A spire of grass that rises from the earth,
She pays her tribute to a kindred birth ;
Her folding leaf as creeping from its cell—
The earth, my mother, is what I wish to tell.

Or look to yonder glorious sun,
His station fixed in yonder skies ;
I own his warmth-producing sire,
The rays of that bright orb of fire.

And to the wind I nod my head,
Whilst gentle showers are on me spread :
To these I owe my kindred birth,
And all I am and what I'm worth.

With kindness multiplied I'm blest,
Nor superiority can I boast;
I'm but a spire amongst the rest,
With them compact a mighty host.

Here, silent, peaceful, let me stand,
In this compact a numberless band ;
Through life's short day of sunny hour
I'll waste in peace my borrowed power.

Till autumn's cold and dreary night
Shall frost my head and leave it white ;
With drooping leaf and sinking head
I'll drop into my dusty bed.

So all on earth do have their year,
And soon like me will disappear ;
The flower of youth's short sunny day
The frost of time will sweep away.

When olden days of winter's cold
Its future years will soon unfold,
Thy crippled form must bow, alas !
As frosted weeds or spires of grass.

Soon with the grass you'll lay your head,
Or rest beneath its dusty bed.
Your flesh is kindred to the ground,
And earth will close your body round.

MEMORY, A WELCOME GUEST.

Blest memory! how welcome,
By gentle thoughts imprest!
Nor fade thy resolution
Whilst in the earth I'm blest;
Nor is thy friendly converse
Unwelcome to my mind,
On scenes of pain and sorrow
They have a good design.
Nine friends of mine lie mold'ring
In distant lands in view;
To the past scenes unfolding
I would not bid adieu.

Sweet friendship is a jewel,
When measured with a smile,
But like a burning fuel,
When once our friends beignile.
Lest faith, love and mercy
With proper works abound,
The happiness of friendship
Is but enchanted ground.
No earthly joys substantial
The passing moments say,
The brightest scenes of nature
Has written on decay.

The exalted state of friendship
In Heaven's high abode,
To gain her lofty mansion
Repentance is the road;
Nor deign her tears of friendship,
They kindle into love,
And then in Heaven's temple
You'll have a seat above,
Where all is sweet and lovely,
Enamored then to view
In love's expansive ocean;
Then, earthly things, adieu!

The Writer's Travels Through Life's Scenes.

How short the space of time
Since I was but a child,
Receiving on the lap
A mother's fondest smiles;
But oh, how changed the scene!
She lies in yonder grove,
Whilst I am left behind,
The storms of life to brave!

Or where are now my sisters?
Death's silent. None can tell.
Or those, my friends, I loved,
Who were so very well?

There faded cheeks, 'tis true,
Were like the crimsoned rose;
If Death, alas! could speak,
He would the scene disclose.

Or where my children dear,
Once seated by the hearth?
They prattled round my fireside;
How innocent their mirth!

They, too, are dressed in white:
They molder under ground.
Death's weighty voice now speaks—
I hear the weighty sound.

Or she, my near companion?
Her voice is silent, too!
The mother of those children—
I bid them all adieu.
They all are gone, alas!
Stern Death's relentless hand
Has torn away from me
That pleasant little band.

Death, I have seen thy scepter
Rise waving o'er the land;
To take a mortal prize,
I see thy palsyng hand.
The young, the high, the low,
The aged, too, must pay,
And all who live on earth,
A tribute to thy sway.

DEATH CONQUERED.

Boast not, stern Death ! thy conqueror reigns ;
Point thy arrows, dart thy pains !
Short are its surges, thy arm is weak,
The Christian triumphs when Jesus speaks.

Short is thy reign, thy days are few ;
Christ has thy keys, He will subdue :
The day is dawning—welcome, sweet sound !
Christ will release those thou has bound.

Submit to Christ. His priestly reign
Is free from sorrow, death and pain.
No more of nature's feeble strife,
But far above is endless life.

There's no less days, the poet cries,
Beyond the stretch of mortal eyes ;
In endless day to sing the song
When immeasurable space is gone.



THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

When the Christian's body dies,
The spirit then, with sweet surprise,
In heavenly form begins to rise;
With shouts of victory she cries
Through trackless ether as she flies
Along the bright and shining skies.

A miss of nothing—'tis his gain
To die and leave all nature's stain,
To free his mind from every pain.
With love enwrap all in a flame,
He speeds along the heavenly plain,
And—Hallelujah to God! Amen.

And when he lands on that bright shore,
Enters the gate and walks that floor,
And streets all paved with golden ore,
He meets that host that went before,
With them to shout and God adore—
Amen again—to die no more.



TRIALS, THEIR SOURCES.

Those deathless souls which widely rove
Across creation's face,
In mighty strugglings to discern
The pleasures of free grace :

How often are their minds here caught
With flattering desire,
But seldom move with holy joy
Or burn with sacred fire.

“What is the reason now?” they say :
“Has nature such a charm
That I from Jesus often stray,
Encircled in its arm ?

Or are my passions so beset
That I His voice can't hear ?
Or is my heart and pride now met,
Consulting how to steer ?

Is this the case ? Can reason say ?
Or are his powers lost
With false conjectures to the way,
And on its billows tossed ?

Tossed by the winds of adverse tide
My spirit seems to be ;
In clouds and mist I seem to ride
Downward on nature's sea.

Yet there's a light to guide my path
 Whilst moving on this way,
Which promise brightens to the last,
 And then the perfect day.

Cheer up, my soul, let patience still
 Its proper work perform;
If thus in darkness do His will,
 There's nothing shall thee harm.

Now view the Lord : behold him pray
 Through darkness of the night,
And by his power through faith we say
 All hell is put to flight.

INQUIRY.

What am I but dust ?
 What am I but sin ?
What am I but a soul
 That remains unclean ?

What am I by grace ?
 What will I be by love ?
What shall I be if God designs
 To carry me above ?

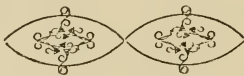
Away, base, haughty pride !
 Away, ye mystic powers !
Away, ye triflers with my soul
 In these momentous hours !

SUBMISSION.

Here is another virtuous thought :
Pain and joy mingle—perhaps they ought,
To bear one's burdens with content,
Nor suffer grief nor give it vent.

This is a world of care and show,
And many there are ensnared, you know.
Hold up the reins, keep close in sight
The future world with pure delight.

The time is short, the day is nigh ;
The clouds may veil and shade the sky,
And cares may now somewhat oppress ;
Wait the appointed time to rest.



Time Affects Man's Condition and Character.

Could I at nature's form begin,
Turn up the world to bury sin,
What would become of all our race
That live embodied on its face?

Time, the birth-place of every woe,
The cradle, and the grave below,
The vestry, school of every mind,
The choicest thought or sinful kind.

Time's bursting groan, it strikes mine ear;
Its heaving sigh, its falling tear
Of subjects multiplied, oppressed,
Appear in forms of deep distress.

I see amidst the passing throng
A few that's right, much more that's wrong;
Of gems of gold, of minds that's here,
When tried much more like tin appear.

If forms appear of gentle birth,
In weight, 'tis true, are little worth,
Unless the graces of the mind
Are pure, holy, just and kind.

This world seems but a cheat at best,
A Christian name is nothing less;
The ground so wild and weedy here,
Scarcely one grain of wheat appears.

In this vast world one might suspect
That truth lies bleeding on the wreck;
The Inquisition's bloody sway
Has multiplied and gained the day.

And such are Satan's wild designs,
If tares will grow he'll cheat the mind;
'Tis written in his history's birth,
His tail drew many stars to earth.

Down from the Christian's orbs of light
They left their seat and sunk in night;
Their heavenly adornings as a bride
Sin hath eclipsed and hell doth hide.

Emblems on earth one now might say,
Whose good desires have long decayed;
Many have left kind Mercy's shrine,
A wreck of faith and ruined mind!

Intelligent man, how can it be?
This destruction you should not see:
The solemn work of life's short hour,
Sin should so many souls devour!

God's image has been quite defaced,
Presenting now a horrid race;
Vast numbers, doubtless, as the sand,
Whose track I see; but where is man?

'Twould shock an angel clothed in light
To look on earth and view the sight;
Such horrid discord chains the day
That fate seems hovering on its way.

ADMONITION TO THE WICKED.

All mortals awake! No longer delay;
The God of nature, his laws now obey:
The time that is past is sure for to tell
With you, sir, and me, if all is not well.

You see you must bow to the scepter of Death,
In unequal struggle resign up your breath;
Be sure it is fitting to pay what you owe,
For this was contracted a long time ago.

Time fosters no choice 'twixt peasant and king,
Within its advance of winter and spring;
Time bends up the bow, the arrow must fly.
The high nor the low it will not pass by.

Time flows like a tide, it ebbs to and fro,
Its vast tow'ring billows will all overflow;
For life is a-wasting through tedious dispute—
The lamp it goes out for want of recruit.

As nipped by the frost, life withers away,
That beauty, so fresh, goes back to decay;
The worm of disease has crept to the root,
And Death's cold embrace quick ends the dispute.

What do you admire that man should pursue,
Endearing in nature, presented to view?
All fading and transient, a bubble at most,
The things of to-morrow we never should boast.

The short space of time your chance to secure
A world of delights unchangingly pure :
This object is fitting,—come, leave all behind ;
Come, bow to the Savior and seek till you find.

I know, to be sure, this fact is too true :
The work of repentance is painful to you ;
But why should you wait ? The work must be done
Or soon 'tis too late the prize for to win.

Say “ Not now—to-morrow ! ” wait not till old age,
A leaf of the future may bring a dark page !
Ah ! what do you mean ? At end of the race,
When candle goes out, throw snuff in His face !

This would never do ; the abuse is too great :
It would only prove a seal to your fate ;
Insulting to Him who now gives you life,
Presenting a mark of unyielding strife.

Now God only knows your critical state,
Although you may think 'tis not half so great ;
But here I am sure that no one can tell
The value of time, but less pains of hell.



CREATION.

When once a voice the silence broke, quickly arose
Stupendous worlds which God's command then disclosed :

Atom to atom from the then unknown abyss
God framed, then rose in fashion such a world as this.
Seraphs and angels, in their clear and brilliant station,
Rose to a lofty height to view the seen--creation !
Shouting in view of its pre-eminently glorious birth.
What joyous scenes then crowned this lofty fabric,
earth !

Then framed and linked to one vast unending chain,
Earth, the pendulum of time, in God's own boundless
name.

Thus time began, its hands and wheels in motion one
Six days at least with God, and all his work was done :
Man, beasts and birds, and insects widely vast, and all
Were made and placed upon this spacious earthly ball.
Thus wheels were put in motion, and action took its
sway

Within the space of time for some vast future day
Beyond man's faint conceptions, for where there is no
shore

Limited powers of vision in fact can never soar.
When infinite embodies, then knowledge soars away,
And finite powers are lost as stars in opening day.

The Existence of a God Drawn from Nature.

Now being is an active state,
To all that act it does relate,
In heaven, in earth, or in sea,
To what and all some action be,
For action presupposes One
That first did act, for acts began;
That One supreme to every act
Has power to act or hold it back;
For action, thus, however brief,
A bud, a tendril, or a leaf,
Does show some motion, skill or art,
From which all being first did start:
Thus One supreme to all that's done
Must motion, or no act's begun;
Thus it is true to all that see,
Supreme alone that One must be,
For He alone must supersede
From which first motion must proceed.
He framed the whole, thus He made man,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the land,
And gives the whole a model sway,
A rule, a law all should obey.
A wheel in motion shows some skill—
A hand that wrought and formed at will.
Some one must plan to form a wheel,
The works of man doth this reveal;
All nature shows a sovereign power
To frame and make a world like ours.

As spires rising from the sod,
All nature points to nature's God,
Portraying skill and art combined
In one vast powerful sovereign mind.
Convinced that mind must ever be
That has the power to think and see.
In nature viewed there is a lesson :
The ocean's tides in quick succession,
The rushing wind, the lightning's dart,
Clear evidence to man impart ;
The glimmering orbs hung in the sky
Give evidence man cannot pass by ;
Botanic sympathetic smile
Is not a part of willful guile,
But simple smiles of natural hue,
That to the naked eye is true,
An evidence these facts display
As light that crowns the opening day.
The fields of nature sweetly rest,
Are clothed in their own native dress ;
Now chance, without some noble power,
Could never gild nor clothe the flower,
Nor give it shape without design,
Colors and odors so refined,
Nor frame man's senses so acute
That odoriferous always suit ;
Nor does the eye, which does appear
With visionary power so clear.
Cause and effect are one great spell
That puzzles man sometimes to tell.
They supersede in some great light
Beyond the power of thought and might,

As if there was a spring behind,
Produced effects bring to the mind.
Oh, wondrous art to us displayed!
And that it seems of every grade,
Which mocks and puzzles all the wit
Of those who oft in judgment sit,
Who, scoffing with a fearless glance,
Say this is but the works of chance!
The quality of plant and tree
To man is one great mystery:
Of spices, gums, and natural sweet
That chance, 'tis true, could never meet,
And yet all nature, harmonized,
Draws from one source its rich supplies.
What say you, then, to these great truths?
Will you acknowledge or refuse,
And own there is a sovereign power
That regulates this world of ours?

TIME COMPARED WITH ETERNITY.

Time once arose, its bounds were set;
A stream is time—a rivulet.
Eternity, from which this stream;
So time is but a passing beam.

From chaos deep a line was fetched,
On yonder shore a stake was set,
From which encircled line must bend
Thence the eternal shore again.

Time, but a drop it seems to be
Compared with vast eternity ;
A vapor from the ocean's swell—
When gone, its traces who can tell ?

Of sands upon the ocean's beach,
The waves they dash and often reach ;
A grain of sand—a thousand years !
Once borne away it disappears.

A bird well plumed, suppose we say ;
It comes to bear each sand away :
It takes one grain and disappears—
Must pass, repass, in thousand years.

Vast in the distant future stretch
The time would come of sands once fetched ;
When all removed—yes, the last grain,
But still eternity remains !

Unbroken in its onward roll,
The great storehouse of mind and soul :
No space nor end, nor can there be,
To boundless, vast eternity !



SCENES OF THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Oh what a sound salutes my ear !
Earth trembled, and I stood amazed !
Jehovah's voice was still and clear,
On the vast scenes I fixed my gaze.

Then in a moment lightnings flash !
An angel stood with trumpet vast ;
Loud thunders pealed with awful crash,
The silence broke in fearful blast !

Which burst the tombs. The dead arose ;
Earth shook as if convulsed with storm ;
A dreadful scene was now disclosed
The dead arose in ghastly form.

In painful view they stood amazed,
Each turned his eyes to God alone ;
That trembling host there fixed their gaze,
The air was rent with piercing groans.

Shocked by the scene, some cried "Alas!"
Whilst others frantic loud did call :
"If this the day of God's great wrath,
Oh, rocks and mountains, on us fall!"

A painful discord broke around
As Christ resigned the mercy seat ;
Prayer and groans at once abound,
But oh, alas ! there's no retreat !

With fiery fiat angels fly,
They move along in dreadful flight ;
They light the starry worlds on high,
Leave each a burning world in sight.

Each central body with a gush
Starts in motion with a jar ;
Each body with a fiery rush
Speeds forth as if a burning car.

Convulsed, the trembling heavens decked,
A vapor like the burning air,
One vast concave, a fiery wreck,
Increased the wailings of despair.

The suns they burst in fiery streams,
A shock all nature undergoes,
As if propelled by engine steam.
Will hell such fiery scenes disclose ?

A rolling, rushing sound I hear,
Earth far into the distance goes,
And natural causes disappear
Under the seal of endless woes.

A voice I hear distinctly clear,
It speaks in a commanding tone ;
Each one in motion now appears
As starting for the judgment throne.

The judgment, now no fancied dream,
As viewed by many heretofore—
A stern reality by some unseen
While living on earth's fading shore.

Show me what interest now remains ;
Come, introduce the sinners' plea :
Bold fate is now one endless chain,
The sky is one vast fiery red.

Combustibles, we own, must burn,
And natural causes must subside,
And nought remains but what is firm,
And that forever must abide.

Nothing in truth can be more firm,
Sealed in God's eternal name :
Material and matter both must burn,
But immortality remains.

Then far above I fixed my gaze :
There was a throne in judgment true,
Where sat the Ancient of all days—
The judgment scene was full in view.

Beneath, above, and back I saw
The antechamber full in view ;
There, writ and sealed, was God's own law,
And every sentence just and true.

The recording angel stood erect,
Each book was opened in full sight ;
The whole in majesty was decked,
Each sentence sealed approved as right.

Then Justice, with a solemn face,
Stepped forth and pointed to God's law,
Then read each sentence in its place ;
The scene was one of solemn awe.

Is theirs a state of solemn choice ?

Effects produced I fail to tell :

God speaks here with that weighty voice,
“ Depart, ye cursed, down to hell !”

Then left the throne a wretched crew—

God waved his hand, and all was clear ;

The angels up to glory flew,

And fiery worlds then disappeared.

The judgment scenes are now passed o’er,

The conflagration at an end ;

Now sin and death shall reign no more,

All future scenes the past transcend.

CONVICTION.

There is a thought from God

Presented to man’s mind,

Which pleads a Savior’s blood,

Religion’s great design.

It tells man he’s a sinner,

And appeals to God’s own law ;

It guides the pure believer,

The sinner fills with awe.

It tells man there’s a day

And scenes to him unknown,

Where souls are all undressed

And stand before God’s throne.

The flaming ire of Justice
Will then their minds survey
With all that holy lustre
The sun shows at mid-day.

Whilst man here stands amazed
The painful hour draws near,
Which causes him to shudder
With most amazing fear,

To think his change from nature,
And destined then to know,
The great examination
He is to undergo !

But while he stands amazed
He hears a voice attend
A matter of importance—
Stern Justice, Mercy's friend.

Dear Fear, that's the name
That Mercy gives her Lord,
Now wash my conscience clean
And seal my peace with God.



GOD'S CLAIMS---MAN'S FOLLY.

Dark and dreary prospects lowering
Over those that won't repent;
Why the ways of man are powering
Where the truth of God is sent.

Vain man, 'tis true, has little strength:
Endowed with liberty of choice;
A rule to measure just his length,
And power to exercise his voice.

This liberty man has received,
God usury requires,
Yet pick vain fruit you may, like Eve,
If prompted by wrong desires.

To see vain man in sin persist
In the slippery paths of youth,
And in carnal ways resist
The force of God's eternal truth,

Is a mark how wrong—'tis folly!
Reckless man will dare presume,
Gain or lose. Come, prove it fully
Before you sink into the tomb.

There is a sword from Jesus' mouth,
Two-edged, bright, is seen
In Mercy's voice, the judgment tone;
Its edges they are keen.

My thoughts now glance, in point of choice,
Where God appeared in flame,
To Moses' rod, to Sinai's voice,
Subscribed Jehovah's name :

"I hold the reins, let Korah know
Earth's mouth may open wide!"
The index of the past will show
Who can His wrath abide.

Man often murmurs when opposed
To providential right,
And, true of those their God oppose,
May feel the Serpent's bite.

I would not feel the bitter curse
Of sin's eternal doom;
Now Jesus' love I will rehearse,
And cry "There still is room!"

Come to the Lord, repent and live,
Or you must feel His rod;
Ready the vilest to receive,
And wash them in His blood.

If you delay, postpone the hour,
You may but call in vain;
Then feel His rod when forced by power
When damned to say "Amen!"

THE DEVIL'S PRODUCTS.

There is a shrub that never grew
In the garden of grace ;
The worldling or the carnal mind
There never had a place.

These are the shrubs—the devil's clubs !
How little or how great
In nature's field they grow and yield,
The devil cultivates.

These, though they bloom, yield no perfume,
However high they rise ;
Sin's horrid chill and man's self-will
Can never reach the skies.

This fruit is wild and will beguile
The passions here of men ;
Though to the taste it has some grace,
Effects a painful end :

For this wild fruit it will not suit
In God's decisive day ;
Whatever value man imputes,
Death's sure to sweep away.

THE SCENES OF LIFE.

With me look o'er the fields of strife,
To view the numerous scenes of life
 Rising upon each wave ;
Could we but scope beyond our view,
And traverse nature through and through,
 From cradle to the grave,

We'd view man on life's narrow stage,
Turning each leaf from page to page,
 Of days, weeks, months and years ;
And thus from childhood youth is man,
Measuring life—how short the span
 Which God has given here !

Some seek the fleeting joys of earth,
While others choose a heavenly birth,
 So different is their choice !
How varied are the scenes below !
Some tread this path that others go,
 Attracted by each voice.

And thus the prize of life is won,
As shadows gather from the sun
 Appearing in their view,
Each one declaring this is right,
As objects burst upon their sight,
 Whether they be false or true.

Anticipation you may spell,
In fancy's airy fair I dwell.

 You who listen to my song
May catch me, save me, if you try,
For I am like the butterfly—
 I will be flipping on.

See flattering, fleeting joys of earth
Pursuing vain, unconscious mirth !

 His gaze is quite aloft ;
With death and danger at his feet,
He overlooks, will not retreat
 Till he is hurried off.

The applause of men may gather round,
And man be flattered with the sound,

 Though transient as the rose.
The reins of time do check the mind,
And oft when man is in his prime
 His follies are exposed.

Man's life is but a slender thread,
Stands bordering with the hosts now dead,

 Yet conscious of his fate ;
Thinks it a task to seek and ask,
And lets his precious moments pass
 Until it is too late.

Roused from a sense his time is gone,
That all his former ways are wrong,

 Retrieve he vain desires ;
As heaven in prospect from him fleet,
He's dashed it all beneath his feet,
 He from vain earth retires.

Now, who can tell his desperate state
While bordering on the eve of fate,
Eternity in view!
No disappointment let me dread
As that upon a dying bed—
Oh, sinner! is it true?

TIME'S BOUNDARY.

Is life a dream? Is time a stream,
And man an actor in the scene?
How vain his pleasures are!
Can he control and guide the whole—
Take the charge of body and soul—
To manage will he dare?

Eternity is just before,
Time's billows dashing on its shore,
Touching its boundaries there.
Death is the stake or mortal brake,
The gate just at the burning lake,
And millions enter there.

Whilst few, 'tis true, there be, alas!
That through the narrow gate shall pass
To gain these joys above,
And heir estate in that fair land,
In Christ so glorious and grand
In God's unbounded love.

MAN A SUBJECT OF IMMORTALITY.

Soon Death will spread his mantle o'er
All earthly scenes from shore to shore,
Empty man's cup of earthly bliss,
And from all earthly scenes dismiss.

Can you consent to pass away,
To leave your nature to decay—
Lay your admired form so low,
For Death to strike the fatal blow?

Go to the regions of the dead—
The grave, where Death will make your bed,
To sleep upon Death's silent shore,
Where all the dead have gone before.

How can you bear the chains of Death
Seize all your actions with your breath—
The reptile worm crawl o'er your clay,
And feed himself from day to day?

Here let me stop to view the mind,
For God, I've heard, has great designs
In pulling down this house of clay,
To take the soul far hence away.

Shall we a consciousness retain?
Our memory, will it remain,
To think, to move, withal to know,
To live and act where're we go?

This glorious truth here, by-the-by,
Is true in God as man must die;
For He who formed and made the whole
Has placed in man a living soul :

A soul which God by death will take
To heaven or to the burning lake ;
Will house the soul there just as sure,
For gospel facts do this secure.

As God in heaven and earth doth reign,
And on his laws subscribes his name,
This heavenly mansion far on high,
Where dark'ning shadows never fly ;

With beauty decked in plains of light,
With glory shining very bright :
This is the world ; our God is there,
The pledge his holy saints shall hear !

Where God in majesty shall reign,
The power of love proclaims his fame ;
Where God's own hand is ever nigh,
To wipe the tears from every eye.

The heavenly balm which God imparts
Extracts the sorrow from all hearts ;
Saints walk in white the streets of gold,
And in a sea of glass behold.

The river of life there gently flows,
And on its banks sweet verdure grows ;
The tree of life forever stands
In heavenly bloom in this fair land.

Laden with fruit, you may it share ;
How sweet these entertainments are !
Love's cooling breeze of endless life
Will sweep away all mortal strife.

Supreme delights from God doth beam,
Rolling in perpetual stream ;
Here beams God's face, divinely bright,
No clouds or shadows veil the sight.

Here seraphim on golden wing
Do "Glory, glory, glory !" sing ;
And as the echo far doth roll,
I feel a rapture in my soul.

Sink back in this, my mortal cell,
In this vain, noisy world to dwell,
A partner with my neighbors here,
Who often shed the briny tear.

Here clouds of mist and smoke arise,
And darkness shades these lower skies,
Where man toils on to make his bread
But just above the mold'ring dead !



GAIN OR LOSS.

Come, stop and pause a moment here,
Perhaps it may be best for you ;
Success or failure will appear,
For soon you'll gain the end in view.

The greatest prize man ever gained
Will soon be won, 'tis just in view :
With God in glory you will reign,
Or a vast failure must ensue.

Soul, you will know ; here is a chance :
Now quickly stop and lay your claim.
Will you your poverty enhance,
Or win a prize in Jesus' name?

My neighbors, they in love or hate
Have crossed the line that lies between,
For they have passed Death's iron gate,
And met their fate, to us unseen.

But oh, how solemn ! Stop and pause,
Lest you perhaps procrastinate
And tamper with God's holy laws,
And seal at once your awful fate.

Your gracious time be wise to know,
Awake from nature's careless dreams ;
To Mercy's fountain quickly go :
This sluggishness, what does it mean?

On a few dollars how you gaze,
And spend your time and talents, too ;
But in the sun's eternal blaze,
Immortal worth, how faint your view !

But God be praised for His vast love,
For giving man a time to choose ;
His boundless mercies from above,
Its offers how can you refuse ?

MAN'S STATE SHOWN BY AUTUMNAL CHANGE

As I walked out to view the scene,
I saw the field had changed its green,
 And withered to the sight.
If this effect, what is the cause?
Has nature changed its sacred laws,
 Or is it being ripe?

The wind now fans the lofty oaks,
They bow beneath its weighty strokes,
 Though murmuring at its power.
They quickly throw their wail away;
Their foliage and their fruits decay
 In autumn's dreary hour.

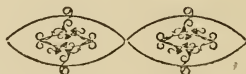
The summer's past, the fall has come,
To teach us man, though in his bloom,
 Is subject to decay;
For Time is rolling on the hour,
And Death, in turn, will soon devour—
 The mandate he'll obey.

Youth, don't forget; on you 'tis writ,
And may the passing scene reprint
 And fix it in your mind:
Return to dust! how quick you must!
'Tis you and I!—who knows first
 Will pass the solemn time?

Man from his birth immortal worth !
Come, view the scene if I be first,
 This sorrowful tribute pay ;
And if you please go to the tomb,
There in the glass behold your doom
 As side by side we lay.

Impressed by every passing hour,
The knell of Time, the fading flower,
 To meet your silent doom ;
Be sure to claim your right in Him
Who died to save your soul from sin,
 Then endless joys will bloom.

Will bloom around your precious soul,
And all your former fears control ;
 Then in God's presence wait,
For what is death but Jacob's sleep,
And though the ladder may be steep,
 It leads to heaven's gate.



HARMONY.

Kind friends, 'tis right, no doubt you see,
To live in perfect harmony ;
And though some little you resign,
'Tis better so than cheat the mind.

For oft we do in fancy rest
When we no real joy possess ;
'Tis time, in view of wisdom's treasures,
That you resign all carnal pleasures.

In youthful years vast scenes invite,
And pleasing thoughts afford delight,
Like April flowers such disappears
As you advance to riper years.

Be sure there's care in after-life,
As you count days midst years of strife ;
Yet much depends the path you tread
In view of thorns or lilies spread.

Much depends on the course you seek :
Religion's views thus often speak ;
They point to vast and greater treasure
Than earth affords, with all its pleasure.

If wisdom guides there is no fear,
The trials abide the passing year ;
Like nature crowned, in autumn blest,
Man folds his hands and goes to rest.

THE GOLDEN RULE ACKNOWLEDGE.

Do you admit God is supreme,
His law and justice then abide ;
One pure, holy, heavenly stream,
One universal, sovereign tide.

Do you acknowledge this great truth,
In fact you might as well say more,
You obligate yourself at once
To ever fear and Him adore.

His laws you cannot disapprove,
For love is one vast, endless chain ;
What it enjoins you must approve—
It works no ill, commands no blame.

'Tis a true rule our God has given,
All are bound to observe and do ;
'Tis a true model, sealed by Heaven,
Do as you'd have men do to you.

This rule enjoins on every soul,
In heaven, on earth, no matter where ;
In God's embrace it binds the whole,
Where each and all His favor share.

God does enjoin, has made it plain—
Not to the right, then to the left;
But Jesus taught, in God's own name,
To love your neighbor as yourself.

In all dominion, far and near,
Strife and malice then would cease;
God's boundless love would then appear,
And earth enjoy a perfect peace.

Thus heavenly joys would fill the earth
In bonds of perfect harmony,
And all enjoy a heavenly birth;
Christ's boundless reign would make earth free.

THE GOLDEN RULE CONTRADICTED.

The golden rule finds but a few
Do to others they should to you;
For selfishness doth fill men's minds,
Which turns them far from God's designs.

This interest they oft define—
“If serve at all, you must serve mine.”
This is the rule they wish to use,
And golden forms they will refuse.

To do one deed will plant it firm,
A thousand more ask in return ;
This characteristic is their plea :
“ ’Twas done by such a man as me !

Thus it is worth, I do it lend,
Much in return from other men ;
I am the great and you the less,
This right of self I now possess !”

And thus big I and little you
Will always make some great ado :
Enslave the mind, oppress the poor,
And feed them with a scanty store.

Their study is both day and night—
“ These scales of mine do weigh just right !”
And if they get their purpose served,
That is the end of all their love.

They shift their rule from end to end,
And by their words will be your friend ;
Yet this is but another show
To make you strike a harder blow.

Nor is this all ;—they love to shift,
To you present some little gift,
Sainted withal—“ ’Tis doing right ;
Come, serve me now with all your might !”

And whilst engaged to bait and trap,
Their object is to fill their lap;
They turn each channel to their store,
That golden streams may in them pour.

This superiority is not found,
In all God's book does not abound;
God does not justify the great
Who live in such a high estate.

See neighbor Dives, in rich dress,
Does not compare with Lazarus,
However poor the one might be,
The other faring sumptuously.

God's choice is not an outward show,
His holy book doth prove it so,
For Dives in high and rich estate
Bemoans in hell his awful fate!

While Lazarus, the butt and taunt
Of Dives, the great, his crumbs did want;
But when removed from earth away
Leaves all his sorrows in decay.

He's landed safe in Abraham's breast,
There to enjoy the covenant rest,
No more on earth his sores to feel,
Where dogs more kind than neighbors deal.

SELF-ESTEEM.

The right of self we often find
Too prompt a feature in mankind,
If self-esteem is fostered there—
When found in man, no greater snare.

Self soars above all other names,
Enters the list on mortal fame;
Without a share of actions great,
Self takes and claims the chair of state.

If in a lonely sphere it rests,
“Of all that’s done mine is the best!”
Self often speaks and would affirm,
“I’d rather teach than choose to learn.”

For self-esteem would understand,
“If knowing all, I am the man!”
In all his acts self would infer,
“I know so much, I cannot err!”

To say I’m wrong will stir up strife,
Such words would cripple all my life;
I cannot now at all be bribed
To leave my state, so dignified!”

How many in the present day
Act in effect what seems to say,
"Threwn in the scale, self-love soars high ;
If one notch less, I'd rather die !"

An anecdote, sir, for your spunk :
'Tis said two men were riding, drunk.
Quoth one, " The moon is falling down !"
Just said, and flat he struck the ground !

Now self-esteem intoxicates—
Sees others faults, at any rate ;
Predicts the fall of others sure,
While he himself feels quite secure.

Nathan made David understand ;
So, Self-esteem, thou art the man !
Your views are rotten to the core,
Or you yourself would not adore.

Come, stop and think, and your good sense
A life well lived can recompense ;
Give something to the world that's true,
That self-esteem will never do.

No greater cripple in the land,
Conceit is but a bag of sand !
Take naught from nothing, naught remains ;
So Self-esteem, with all his pains.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Good morning, sirs, I need not say,
For this is our Thanksgiving day;
A caution then you need beware,
It calls for cheerfulness in prayer.

Our Governor, with cheerful nod,
Calls for thanksgiving to our God,
And mercies past an impress write,
Thanksgiving should be our delight.

Has God brought through another year,
And crowned our lives with mercies dear?
Then let our thoughts with pleasures rise
As holy incense to the skies.

'Tis not a day to pass away
In merriment or social glee,
But elevate our thoughts on high
For Mercy's gifts in days gone by.

Time well improved leaves mind as free
As Eden dressed in harmony,
While Mercy's gentle breeze inspires,
Bears on its wings the soul's desires.

Time that's fraught with moments here,
Made up so quick, advance each year,
Will leave a shade as dark as night,
Or brilliant as the stars of light.

I see the giddy onward fly,
Sporting in glee that soon must die,
Insensible quite to worth of mind
Whilst turning on a point of time.

It is the world's mistaken thought :
With Fancy's bubbles souls are bought !
What are their thanks in years gone by ?
They seem to live, but lo ! they die !

Should Christians act in this vain sphere
Unconscious of those claims so dear ;
Their needs supplied from Mercy's store,
And precious gifts from Heaven's door ?

Quite forbidding such a thought ;
Attraction's link their mind has caught,
Like yonder sun earth in his rays,
Attracted by his glorious blaze.

To Heaven alone our thoughts should rise,
Borne thence for what our God supplies ;
Be it the theme of every mind
To answer Heaven's great design.

Then, like the sun, it may be said,
When thou reclinest with the dead,
In summer's day, in calm repose,
He set as clearly as he rose.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I wrote to you some time ago,
But did not finish then;
But here I now begin to write
With my poor scribbling pen.

Your fancy might as well now play
And catch a thought of mine;
I only wish for to exchange:
Give me some thoughts of thine.

'Twas your request I did consent,
And now I will propound;
My muse is clear in single verse,
And now I write them down.

I sit within my little home,
And spend each day alike;
And thus I spend each day, when gone
Then comes the shades of night.

Thus days and months they pass away,
And I remain on earth,
My body wrecked with stern disease,
My mind of little worth.

But here I spend my precious time
In thinking what is best;
I manage what I think is right,
And leave to God the rest.

I've learned that toil and strife are vain,
They cannot serve God's will;
I've learned the gentle check and voice
Of Him who said, "Be still!"

With patience, then, I often sit
And pass the hours away:
Now Samuel said of sacrifice
'Tis better to obey.

To yonder mansion on the highs
I often look well pleased—
To Wisdom's high and grand abode,
Where Mercy keeps her keys.

Oh tell me why—explain to me,
Why I so willing sit,
While just ahead I view the goal,
And yet no nearer get!

Why transfixed to this one spot,
Content to fix my gaze?
Now this is Hope's delightful range,
And here I spend my days.

Hope reaches forth within the veil,
To Christ's most precious blood,
Whilst my small bark at cable's length
Is tossed upon the flood.

Say, brother, sister Webster, say,
Why is it with this dust?
Why not now cross cold Jordan's stream,
And mingle with the just?

Silence that whispering, plaintive voice!
Wish should not take a stand
In contradiction to the choice
Of Him who holds command.

Muse, wait a little longer here,
Content to have it so;
To-morrow's just as good a day
As any time to go.



SECOND LETTER.

When I wrote to you my last
I did not think to write so soon ;
But when you sent your rich repast
It gave to me abundant room.

Come, Muse, wake up and touch that gauze
That's wrapped around the local brain ;
If you neglect to think and act
In int'rest what will you have gained ?

With muscle firm and thought that's clear
Your brethren they already act ;
These clouds and mists that now appear,
Perhaps they often hold you back.

Come, enter on and pass through time,
And shut behind the open door ;
You cannot know the worth of mind
When on this earthly fading shore.

The rubbish and this mortal veil
Have dimmed and mystified the sight ;
Nothing on earth we try to see
Can we in nature view aright,

From nature's dark and misty view
I pass to where all's bright as day—
Where muse and mind are always clear,
Brightened with a celestial ray.

All heaven struck a pleasant strain,
The sound was musical delight;
Their psalms were floating o'er the plain;
Their harps of gold were polished bright.

Softly I stepped to listen still—
Effects produced has never yet,
And with eternity in view
I hope will be forever met.

From Heaven's high and arched abode
Mine ear was drawn to other lands,
And as I turned to catch the sound
I heard the wailings of the damned!

It was the Spirit's mighty touch,
Administrations of God's word;
The gospel sound has had its weight,
Produced the wailings which I heard.

Use all your skill! May God inspire!
Webster and Looker, haste and preach!
God's mighty power to you is given,
Yet many souls you cannot reach.

I think and speak, and think again,
And shudder when I count the cost;
Then look away from earth's dark shores
To count the numbers that are lost.

Now with a power that cannot miss
Will brother Looker fix that wail,
And with the hammer and the fist
Will brother Webster drive the nail?

Oh, Time! oh, Time! most precious Time!
Say, who, alas! can tell thy worth?
Their destiny by thee is stamped
On all who live o'er the wide earth!

Eternity! eternity!
The home and mansion of the blessed;
The prison-house of all who've lived
And have not died of God possessed!

The truth, the truth—most precious truth,
The seal which God in wisdom made
To weigh the souls of all who've lived—
No doubt in fact, of every grade!

Preacher and people, let me say,
You have it now within your power
To fix your destiny at least—
'Tis done! 'tis done! Oh, dreadful hour!

ON THE DEATH OF THREE CHILDREN

OF MR. AND MRS. HOLMES.

“ My little ones, so dear to me,
Your absence oft I mourn ;
How lonely is your mother dear
When left so long alone !

I weep your absence, lovely ones,
So soon removed away :
Oh, little Frank and Francis dear,
And John, how long you stay !”

“ Oh, mother dear, we cannot come,
Nor do we wish to leave,
Though you may sigh and mourn and weep,
And for us often grieve.

Could you but know, could we but tell,
Or press upon your mind,
God’s great design, our bliss and joy,
You never would repine.

Come, be resigned and cease those sighs,
Nor shed a tear, my mother ;
Much tender care you did bestow
On us and John, our brother.

Rejoice, my mother; thank the Lord
Three cherubs you have raised!
Our Savior called us home to him,
To live beyond the grave.

We are so happy here above!
How pretty is this place!
We love to lisp His name and taste
The pleasures of His grace.

You need not watch us, mother, now,
Nor bend around our forms,
Nor gaze with anxious care on us
To stay the threat'ning storm

That prowled around our little beds
In nature's feeble state,
Then seized upon our weary limbs—
'Twas then we felt its weight.

Your sighs and tears and faithful care
Your loved ones could not save;
Then Jesus smiled and took us home,
To live beyond the grave.

We thank you, mother, for your love
And faithful care received;
Your care and love were done for God,
We hope you do believe.

How kind you were to each of us!
God called my brother first,
And He will pay you, mother dear,
For all your love for us.

That care was timed—that anxious care ;
You did then all you could :
Death took us then from your embrace
And handed us to God.

You need not sigh, nor grieve nor mourn,
Your work for us is done :
We need it not, for God is here ;
Our bliss has just begun.

Jesus can cure, can bless and save,
In Him is perfect peace,
And he from nature's woes and snares
Has given us release.

We live with Him, to die no more ;
Here God forever reigns :
Our presence you have lost below,
Whilst here are heavenly gains."

" My little children, I will yield ;
My claims I give up now :
To God alone I now submit,
And to His mandate bow.

God has a right to govern here,
What He appoints is best.
Freely I give them back to thee
Since they so sweetly rest."

“ Father and mother, why not come
To this bright world above ?
Around us is a heavenly host,
They sing redeeming love.

Do not delay ; come, dwell with us :
This is a heavenly land !
Repent, believe, His grace receive,
And join this happy band.”



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